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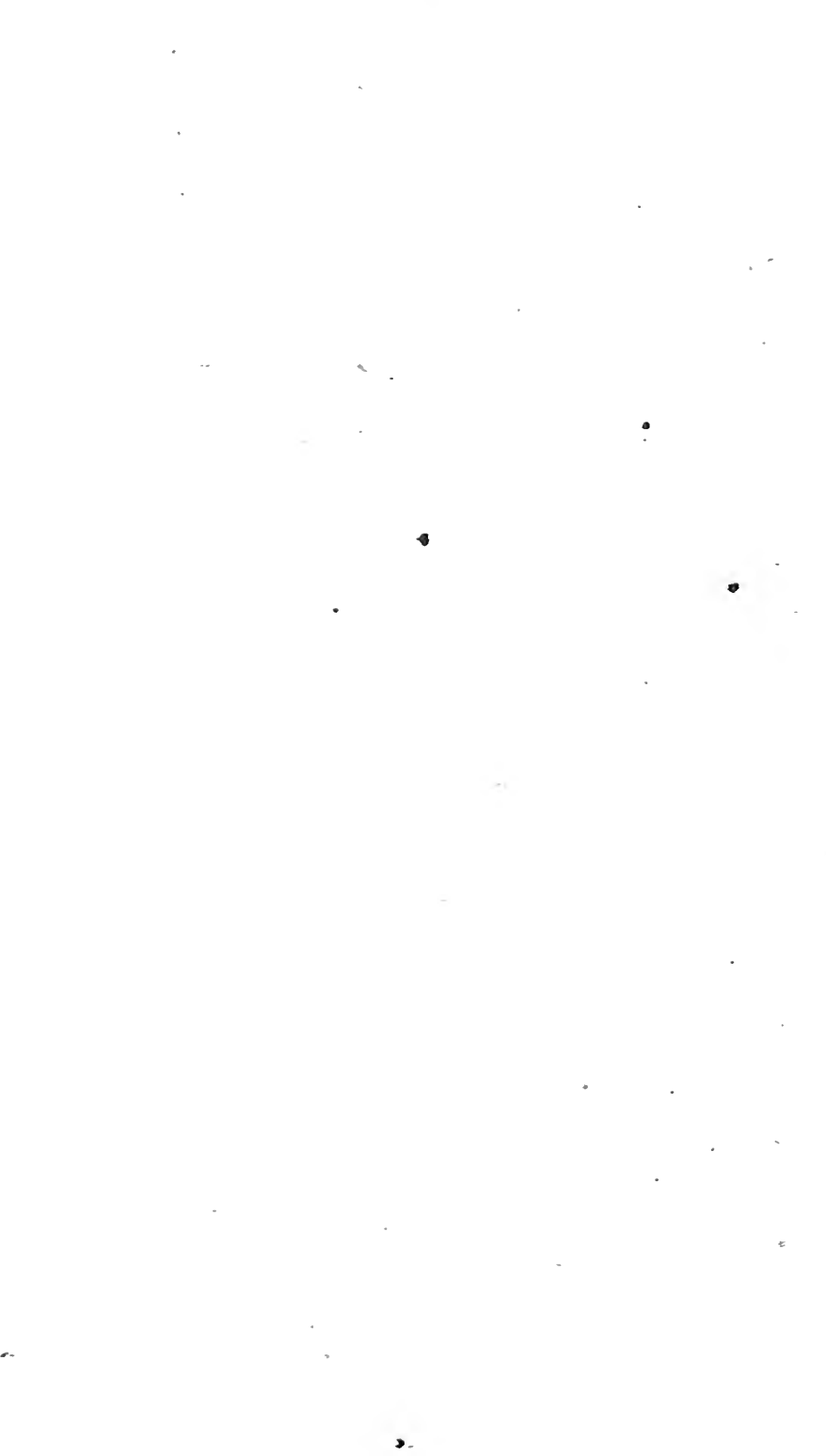


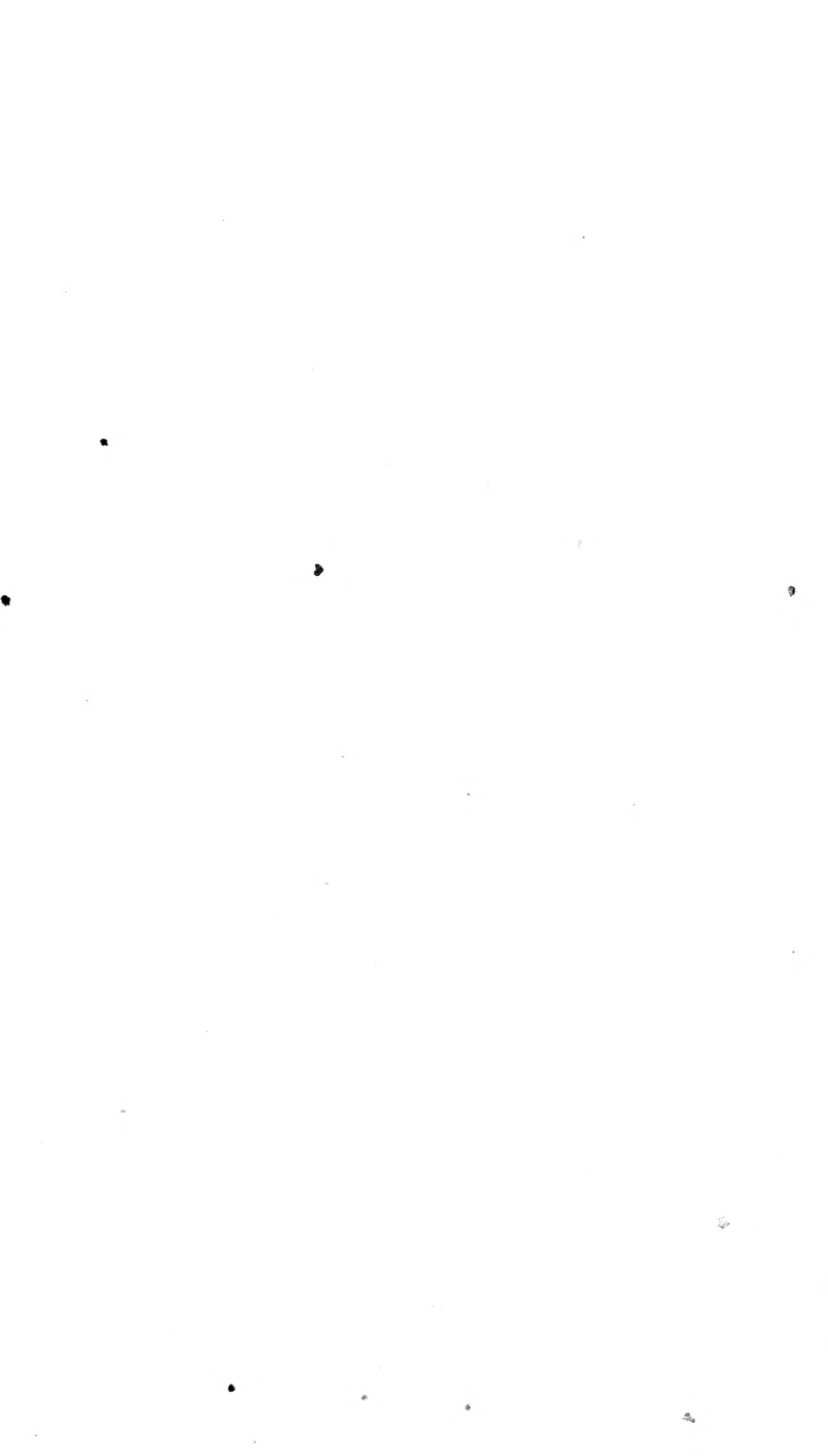
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SOUTHBOOKE;

BY

SUTTON S. SCOTT.

Land of the South—imperial land!
Then here's a health to thee;
Long as their mountain barriers stand,
May'st thou be blest and free.

A. B. MEEK.

COLUMBUS, GA.:
THOS. GILBERT, PRINTER AND BOOK-BINDER.
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1880.

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TO
THE YOUNG MEN OF THE SOUTH,
BY ONE WHO APPRECIATES THEIR ENERGY IN BUILDING
UP ITS WASTE PLACES, AND THEIR VIRTUE, IN BEARING UN-
COMPLAININGLY ITS AFFLICTIONS, WHILE STRUGGLING TO OVERCOME
THEM, THESE PAGES ARE RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

There is not a passage in this little book, intended or expected to wound the sensibilities of any honest and fair minded reader in this country,—while it should be said the greater part of it is addressed exclusively to the Southern heart. Whether or not it shall be able to reach that heart is another, and a very different question. Although it lays no especial claim to originality, either in design or construction, it does attempt that which is more important than mere originality,—to impress upon its readers the truth,—often, it may be always,—trite and commonplace,—but still the truth! If the reading of it, as is so touchingly said by Irving, in one of the most charming of his sketches, shall “rub one wrinkle from the brow of care, or beguile the heavy heart of one moment of sorrow,”—and alas! there are many such brows and hearts at the South,—I will be content.

S. S. S.

UCHEE, ALA., 1879.

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THE ROSE OF ALABAMA.

THE ROSE OF ALABAMA.

I loved in boyhood's sunny time,
When life was like a minstrel's rhyme,
And cloudless as my native clime,

The Rose of Alabama.

Oh lovely Rose !

The sweetest flower earth knows

Is the Rose of Alabama.

A. B. MEEK.

A perfect woman nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command ;
And yet a spirit still, and bright,
With something of an angel's light.


WORDSWORTH.

She lives something over a half dozen miles from the beautiful little city of Huntsville. The house is a long, rambling brick structure, with antiquated chimneys, high pointed gables, and shaded by two antediluvian elms. It was built many years ago, before Alabama was formed into a state, and has not, of course, escaped the defacing fingers of busy old Time. Their prints can be seen in the crumbling porches, blackened walls, and moss-covered roof. It is situated upon rather a rugged, but picturesque hill—three sides of which slope gradually down into level woodland—the fourth is somewhat precipitous, and overbrows a piece of low meadow-land, dotted with clumps of oak

trees, and divided near the centre by a streamlet of clear running water, fringed with willows and wild rose bushes.

In the wood spreading out in the rear of the house, and at a considerable distance from it—probably a half mile—is a spring. The path, leading from the house to this spring, is full of wild beauty. At first it winds around the feet of giant trees, or enormous piles of rock ; next over ledges so disposed as to form in many places a rude kind of stairway down the slope of the hill ; and still farther along, it passes across a rustic bridge, spanning a brawling little brook ; then through a sort of narrow gorge or ravine, to a quiet shady dell, which, from the spring, that smiles in crystal purity near its upper end, is called Springdell.

It is just such a walk as a young and romantic maiden would select for an evening's stroll with her heart's choice, and the spring,—gushing from the base of a gently swelling mound, embowered in trees, and prattling joyously as its waters trip along over their bed of clear white pebbles, and brown sparkling sand,—a spot for her to listen to the first silvery whisperings of love. It was at this spring that I first saw her whom I have styled the Rose of Alabama. The time I shall never—never forget. One of those balmy delicious evenings was it, so common beneath the sunny skies of Andalusia, but rarely to be met with in our rougher and colder clime—such an evening as has power to call forth at once all the romance of man's nature, to tinge with the magic hues of poetry



every object of his sight, and fit him only to muse upon the manifold pleasures of love and the beautiful. There was a light breeze, fragrant as the breath of a seraph, singing an anthem in the tree-tops. A solitary oriole, that most gorgeous of all our birds, glanced like a tiny rainbow amid the leaves, as he sprang from spray to spray.

I was returning home, from a hunt in the wood,—with my dog and gun,—and upon drawing near the spring, was surprised to discover a young lady, whom I had never before seen, seated, or rather reclining upon a green mossy bank, close by its marge, with a book lying open beside her. Her position was the perfection of grace and elegance. She was resting her head upon her hand, with her dark, hazel eyes, beaming with a light, placid and holy, fixed upon a spot in the clear blue heavens, which appeared through a rift in the tree-tops above her. Her raven tresses were dishevelled, and fell in superb flakes about her symmetrical neck and shoulders, contrasting rarely with their more than alabaster whiteness. And

“Her angel face,
As the great eye of heaven shined bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place.”

As by the powerful spell of a magician I stood rooted to the ground. I dared not move. Her loveliness and spirit-like appearance, her dress of spotless white, the utter loneliness and matchless beauty of the spot, joined with the soft witchery of the hour,

unloosed every curb upon my fancy, and I almost thought her some pure creature of air,—haply the presiding divinity of the place,—and was more than half afraid, that were I to awaken her suddenly to the knowledge of my presence, she would, like the beautiful Undine, when abused by the Knight Huldebrand, change into mist, and mingling with the water gently murmuring at her feet, disappear forever. Motionless, and in silence, I watched her long. I watched her until the sun sank behind a cloud-crag of violet and purple resting upon the western horizon. As its last parting beam slowly faded from the glade, she arose, and noiselessly glided in the direction of the house. I was then, for the first time, enabled to appreciate fully the words written by James, the poet-prince, when the lovely Lady Jane Beaufort disappeared from his admiring eyes:

“To see her part, and follow I na might,
Methought the day was turned into night.”

When I next met her, it was in the midst of a gay and happy throng of persons, all young like herself. Her calm and serious face was, on that occasion, dimpled with joyous smiles; and her conversation, incessant in its flow, was brimming with cheerfulness, and fragrant with the purest and most delicate wit. Her voice, in its every tone, even when she was alluding to things the most ordinary and commonplace, had a strangely fascinating—an enthralling power. It was soft

“And had a touch of gentleness, as ’twere
A tender flower grown musical.”

And then her laugh ! It was so different from any that I had ever heard before. Never boisterous was it, although all its notes were distinct. Now it gushed forth, as clear as the ring of a golden bell, anon as gentle and subdued as the sound of an æolian harp. The intonation of the poet’s singing fairy could not have been more exquisite in its melody. It was the soul bubbling from the lips in music.

Is there indeed in all nature any sound more delightful than a genuine heart-laugh—especially when it comes rippling through pearly teeth and ruby lips ? No !—certainly none ! And yet how seldom is it that we hear one,—at least outside of the country,—in this day of excessive refinement—this day when fashion, tyrannous and indefensible, holds complete sway over our minds—when all our words and actions are made strictly to conform to its cold and unfeeling decrees. Now to laugh,—and to laugh at all heartily,—is, to ears polite, shockingly undignified,—a piece of unpardonable rudeness and most decided vulgarity. We are taught, at present, to be supremely elegant in manner ; we must be natural in nothing. To the young ladies especially does this remark apply in its fullest force. Studied attempts, it even seems, are being made, through a vicious system of early training, to uproot woman’s simplicity, that heart-jewel, which, a few years ago, was acknowledged to be the brightest and purest in her coronet. By the aid of

French dancing masters, *et id omne genus*, many of our young women are fast becoming the merest bundles of affectations.

Since the time, last alluded to above, I have met this Rose of Alabama often; and the many brilliant qualities, of which she, at first, appeared possessed, I have since discovered are truly hers—besides others, if possible, more brilliant. Her mind is pre-eminently beautiful. It was cast by nature in a large mould, and has been most excellently trained. A sturdy and healthful growth has been therein cultivated, although not altogether to the exclusion of those graceful, but frail and delicate flowers, which, in the education of our women, have generally obtained so disproportionately large a share of their attention. Her reading, for one so young, has been really immense. With many of the ancient and modern languages she is conversant. Several of the master-pieces of Greek, Latin, Italian and Spanish literature have been read by her in the originals. With English literature, from the Canterbury Tales of old Chaucer to the poems of Henry W. Longfellow, she is well acquainted. But with all her learning she has lost none of the original delicacy and softness of her character. She never makes a show of what she knows. On the contrary, she keeps it too nearly buried in the earth. But few of her friends even are acquainted with the vast mass of information that she has heaped together in the last few years. She seems to be scarcely aware of it herself. It may be said, in the language of Sir Thomas Overbury,

“that her excellences stand in her so silently, as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge.” Having passed the whole, or almost the whole, of her young existence amid the freshness and serene beauty of rural scenes, untouched by the varied frivolities and frozen formalities of city life, she is as guileless and innocent, as her face is lovely or her accomplishments great. Hers is truly a pure heart—pure as that of Eve, when first she opened her eyes upon the myriad beauties of Paradise. Its every impulse originates in an earnest desire for the accomplishment of good—the promotion of her own happiness, and the happiness of others, both here and hereafter. The severe studies, to which she has since her early girlhood, devoted herself, have not, in her case, as in that of many others, tinged the spirit with a sombre hue. It is true, that when the features of her face are in repose, they wear an expression so serious and thoughtful, that it even appears one of sadness. But it is only an appearance. At the proper moments she can be as gay as the gayest; and otherwise than contented I never saw her. Her heart has known no care—no sorrow. Its tranquil waters have never been ruffled by a single storm; the gems of hope brightly sparkling in their limpid depths have never had their lustre dimmed; and if upon their surface there have ever brooded shadows, they were only the shadows of passing May-clouds, or of May-nights, all softened by the light of silver moonbeams.

“In her is youth, beauty with humble port,
Bounty, richness, and womanly feature,
God better wot than my pen can report ;
Wisdom, largess, estate and cunning sure
In every point so doth guide her measure,
In word, in deed, in shape, in countenance,
That nature might no more her child advance.”

1853.

CHRISTMAS.



CHRISTMAS.

Christmas comes but once a year,
Festal day to Christians dear,—
Give all plenty of good cheer,—
Roast meats, mince-pies, lamb's wool, beer ;
Christmas comes but once a year.

OLD RHYME.

Let Piers, the plowman, dwell at home, and dight the corn. Look that Hobbe, the robber, be well chastised. Stand manly together in the truth, and help the truth, and the truth shall help you.

PASQUINADE 1382.

Another Christmas is here. Time was when in every Christian country this was the most joyous period of the whole year. Among the English especially was this the case. From the days of Alfred, the Great, who, by decree, made it the beginning of the holidays, it has been regarded, through a range of about ten centuries, as the most important of them all. In reading accounts of the festivities in England of this "gentle and joyeuse" day, when that country was indeed "Merrie England," which so frequently grace the writings of the older authors;—the beautiful and significant church decorations; the reverence of the congregation during service; the devoutness of their thanks, and the heartiness of their praises to the Great Giver of all good; the unrestrained joy and

gladness that every where pervaded the country, making bright the lowliest hovel, as well as the grandest hall; the innocent and mirth-provoking romps and pastimes upon the village common, and along the sequestered lanes;—one cannot, in this day of trouble and sorrow and care, help feeling better and happier, and wishing ardently to see one such Christmas.

George Withers, who lived more than two hundred years ago, in his *Juvenilia* gives a bright and graphic history of how Christmas was kept in his day. Let us quote a few verses. They are well worth reading, and especially so just as this time.

CHRISTMAS.

So now is come our joyful'st feast,
Let every man be jolly;
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.
Though some churls at our mirth repine,
Round your foreheads garlands twine,
Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,
And let us all be merry.

Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning;
Their ovens they with baked-meat choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door let sorrow lie;
And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury't in Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry.

Now every lad is wondrous trim,
And no man minds his labor ;
Our lassies have provided them
A bagpipe and a tabor.
Young men and maids, and girls and boys
Give life to one another's joys ;
And you anon shall by their noise
Perceive that they are merry.....

Now poor men to the justices
With capons make their errants ;
And if they hap to fail of these,
They plague them with their warrants ;
But now they feed them with good cheer,
And what they want they take in beer ;
For Christmas comes but once a year,
And then they shall be merry.....

The client now his suit forbears,
The prisoner's heart is eased,
The debtor drinks away his cares,
And for the time is pleased.
Though others' purses be more fat,
Why should we pine or grieve at that ?
Hang sorrow ! care will kill a cat,
And therefore let's be merry.....

Then wherefore, in these merry days,
Should we, I pray, be duller ?
No, let us sing some roundelays,
To make our mirth the fuller ;
And, while we thus inspired sing,
Let all the streets with echoes ring
Woods and hills and every thing
Bear witness we are merry.

In Yorkshire, Devon, and some of the other counties of England, much of the old style of celebrating Christmas, as set forth in this poem, is still to be

observed. Washington Irving says that he unexpectedly found existing in the first-named district, even all those antiquated customs, the description of which forms his series of Christmas pictures at Bracebridge Hall, and which, at the time of their appearance, were pronounced, by some, so old-fashioned as to be out of date.

Perhaps next to the English in their honest and hearty enjoyment of this great festival occasion, came the people of the South. With them Christmas used to be emphatically a great day,—a happy day,—a day when trouble was unhesitatingly driven from the heart, and had the door thereof resolutely slammed in its face.

Go back about a dozen years! It is the Christmas of eighteen hundred and sixty. See that white house,—one-storied,—covering near a quarter of an acre of ground with its multitude of rooms upon the same floor,—numerous chimneys through its variously-sloping roofs,—low-eaved verandas all around,—large windows protected by green blinds,—broad passages intersecting each other at right angles,—all the doors wide open, winter though it is, and a nipping frost-wind blowing,—situated in a grove of splendid old oaks, upon a gentle and beautifully rounded eminence. Observe, too, the tasteful and well-kept flower garden in front,—green house, supplied with rare and choice plants, close by,—and good and substantial out-houses in the rear,—stable yard, full of sleek mules and horses, at the foot of the

hill, in the fence-corners of which, huge porkers, tottering and grunting under their loads of fat, are leisurely rooting,—and barns, looking out of a clump of trees just above, absolutely bursting with things eatable for man and beast, from the fields. Note, at the same time, the area under the gin-house shelter, on the hill across the highway, packed with heavy bales of the great staple, and the plantation all around still white with its ungathered wealth.

Walk into this Southern country house;—you are a neighbor,—go in! The sun, in rising, is just gilding the tree-tops about you, as your tap brings to the door a tall and stately man, with an honest, genial face, dark eyes, and long chestnut hair, well streaked with gray, falling upon his shoulders. You are invited to enter, with a smile, and a manner, and a shake of the hand, to which your heart responds: “I am welcome,—aye more, he is delighted to see me.” You are presented to the wife, a medium-sized, brown-haired, brown-eyed, matronly lady, with gentleness and love peeping out of every line of her sweet face, and a laughing, blooming Hebe of a daughter. Other neighbors are there. A huge fire of hickory logs is leaping and roaring up the wide-mouthed chimney, and upon a side table is spread out all sorts of good things for the inner man, with a large bowl of steaming apple toddy occupying the post of honor in the centre. The very atmosphere of the room is redolent of happiness and contentment. A few minutes’ stay convinces you that you are with

a man, who is not only your friend, but a friend of humanity,—who not only enjoys life himself, but contributes all in his power to the enjoyment of others; and one too who is supremely grateful for all his manifold wordly blessings. He feels, you know, in his heart, deeply, strongly and entirely, the sentiment embraced in the lines, which Irving says Mr. Bracebridge constructed on a poem from the wizard pen of Old Herrick :

'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltless mirth,
And giv'st me wassile bowls to drink,
Spiced to the brink;
Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand,
That soiles my land,
And giv'st me, for my bushel sowne,
Twice ten for one.

One by one, the negroes,—men and women,—come up from the quarter,—their faces shining like polished ebony, and mouths, all in a broad grin, showing the whitest of grinders, as each of them receives from the hand of the master a glass of toddy, and a Christmas present. With another and a broader grin, and a still more liberal display of ivory, a tip of the hat, and a bow, they each retire,—not, however, without a kind and pleasant word from both mother and daughter, and to the women something more substantial.

Follow them to the quarter, which is healthfully located not far from the mansion, if you wish to see

an exhibition of the purest enjoyment. There, a sort of Lord of Misrule, or, Abbot of Unreason, is the master of ceremonies. In one place you notice a knot of jolly blacks, having a splendid time over a table of substantials, profusely garnished with confections, sent down, in negro parlance, from the great house ;—here, a party, every member of which is in motion from his head to his heels, is circled about a lusty fellow slapping his legs, breast and sides, with all his might and main, to the tune of Juba, for two others, who, face to face, are abundant and vigorous in their attempts to shuffle one another down ;—there, a group of about the same size, eagerly and interestedly surround a boy with a cracked fiddle, the hysterical shriekings of which would craze or kill a nervous man in a minute ;—yonder, to the monotonous thrummings of an old gourd banjo, a kind of general dance is going on,—men, women and children being vigorously engaged,—each one hopping and skipping independently,—with a most reckless disregard of time and toes ;—while, from scores of throats, about a great fire in the dell below, comes floating upward the wild, yet sweetly musical, notes of a Southern corn-shucking song.

Look !—there goes John and his spouse. John is the coachman, and the aristocrat of the plantation. He is dressed in a suit of unexceptionable black,—his kinky hair is well oiled and carded,—upon a knot of which, immediately above the ear, is daintily perched his castor, just a size and a half too small for him,

but which he would, on no account, have larger,—his great black hands are encased in a pair of white cotton gloves,—the right deftly resting in the crook of his better-half's elbow, which is gracefully tucked out for his accommodation,—and the left holding aloft a wide-spread umbrella, to keep off the frosty air, perchance, as it can possibly serve no other useful purpose on such a day.

And finally, as you wend your way back to the homestead, to bid adieu to your hospitable entertainers, turn into that cabin close by the yard gate, about the door of which you have seen their little girls,—three bright-eyed fairies,—gambolling the greater part of the morning. They are within now. An old negress, about seventy years of age, whose surroundings are, in every respect, cleanly and comfortable, is sitting by the fire. She is nearly loaded down with sweetmeats, which the little witches have been bringing her from the house since sunrise. With one hand she is gently waving off two of the children, who are pressing her to eat more of the delicacies of their providing, while, with the other, she is lightly playing with the rich clustering ringlets of the youngest, who is standing at her knee. An expression of ineffable fondness sits upon her withered features, as her dim eyes rest upon their winsome faces. That is Aunt Judy;—to use the language of these little girls,—that is “mammie.” She was the nurse of the father, and has for his children,—her pets, as she calls them,—a love second only to that of

the mother,—a love, which, in kind, is fully repaid by them.

Such is an imperfect picture of what Christmas used to be at the South, when planters were rich, and the negroes happy. It is different now; for wealth has departed from the one, and care taken possession of the other. The old Christmas pastimes upon plantations are no more. The banjo is obsolete and the fiddle laid aside. John, the coachman, has emigrated, or taken to politics. Aunt Judy too has gone! She died in 1865; and with her, or rather with that year, passed forever from the South the last of the “mammies.”

THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.*

Hushed is the roll of the rebel drum,
The sabres are sheathed, and the cannon are dumb;
And Fate, with pitiless hand, has furled
The flag that once challenged the gaze of the world.

JOHN R. THOMPSON.

Previous to the war, indeed to the very moment of the great action, which brought it about, there was a fervent and sincere love of the Union among all classes of the American people, both North and South. This love, however, although perhaps equal in degree on the part of each of the two sections, was widely dissimilar in character. With the North it was primarily a love of the Union for itself; with the South it was primarily a love of the Union for its constitutional guarantees. The different ideas, upon which the Northern and Southern Union sentiment was founded, manifested themselves at the organization of the government. The North wanted the Union, but, in this want, the rights and interests of the States were too little regarded; the South wanted the Union also, but, in it these rights and interests were duly considered. The one struggled mainly for the Union; the other for the Union with those restrictions upon its powers

*Speech made at the cemetery in Mobile, April 26th, 1875—Memorial day.

judged essential to the life and health of its component parts. The result was a compact, in which, while Southern ideas mainly predominated, these powers were not in every instance so expressly and exactly defined and guarded, as to preclude the possibility of dispute and collision. Hence, the determined maintenance, on the part of the South, of the right of a State to secede, and the equally determined denial of it on the part of the North.

These two opposing constructions of the Constitution, in the matter of secession, made up the great issue upon which the war was fought. The millions of men and vast riches at the command of the North, with her ports open for the incoming of effectual assistance, in the way of men, and all the munitions of war, from the outside world, and her surface reticulated by rivers and railroads, for the easy and speedy transfer of her valorous and ponderous legions, with their supplies, from one point to another, gave her the victory over the South, weak in numbers and available wealth, shut in by land, and sea—upon which no friendly flag was seen to wave, and through which no help could enter, scarcely even a word of encouragement and sympathy, from other nations. By this victory the Northern construction prevailed. Secession as a remedy for federal wrongs and usurpations, in this country, became a thing of the past. Upon it, by the sword, was inflicted a bloody death, and, by the same weapon, its grave was dug. For it there is no resurrection, and none is desired.

But for so struggling and failing, were the Southern people traitors? And, ah!—were their dead soldiers traitors—those, whom we to-day mourn as the loved and the lost? The foul imputation has been more than once cast upon them, by a few men of the North,—not, be it said, by the gallant survivors of the host that met them so manfully in arms,—and by certain ones of the South,—I dare not call them men,—who blenched from helm and halliards, when the storm blew highest.

The Northern soldiers believed they were right. They were told,—yea, it was the one theme of their press,—it was thundered from their rostrums,—and it was preached from their pulpits,—that the Union constructed by the fathers of the republic,—to which was due all the prosperity of the country, at home, and its dignity abroad,—a Union, in the love and veneration of which they were educated, from the moment they could lisp the magic word at their mothers' knees, until they had been made to look upon it, as “the paramount political good, and the primary object of patriotic desire,” was being rudely menaced by hostile and impious hands,—and they were stirringly exhorted by congressional resolutions, and presidential proclamations, to gird on their swords and strike for its preservation. Their dead are consequently safe from any such unhallowed charge, as that sought to be fastened upon our dead.

Traitors!—The slanderous word, it seems, ought to blister the tongue and shrivel the lips of the man, who

would dare apply it to the soldier-dead of the Confederate States. Traitors!—The potent voice of impartial history will never permit so great a wrong. It will never permit the memories of the dead heroes of the South to be so outraged—will never permit such a stigma to cleave to their names, and such a shadow to rest upon their graves—will never permit all their noble and unselfish exertions, all their glorious achievements, all their unexampled sufferings, all their unmeasured and immeasurable sacrifices,—to be so dishonored. In their minds rested no doubt, as to the rightfulness of the cause, for which they strove:—and that, they were correct in their convictions is, and will be, the decision of just expounders of the Constitution, and the Hallams of this country, and of the war.

They were patriots! They were unrevengeful, dauntless, faithful patriots!—never failing—never wavering—even under circumstances, which might well excuse both on the part of the truest, boldest and purest!

They were unrevengeful! The whole Southern country, like a mighty volcano in the moment of irruption, was girdled and seamed with the fires of destruction and death,—fertile plains and valleys were bereft of all brightness and beauty,—humble farm-houses and princely mansions were levelled with the ground,—lovely and thriving towns and cities were heaps of ruins;—but all these horrors were regarded by them as incidents of invading war,—not always

necessary, but frequently unavoidable,—with no thought of retaliation, or, if such thought ever arose, it was resolutely uprooted when opportunities of retaliation were presented. Indeed, when south of the Potomac,

“The war that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering, swelled the gale,”

on the other side,—when they, in the bright meridian of their martial glory, became invaders in their turn, but few, or no, acts of unnecessary violence or wanton destruction of private property, could be laid to their charge. The hearts of women and children in Pennsylvania were desolated by the loss in battle of fathers, brothers, husbands and sons, but they did not have superadded the desolation of homes and firesides. Poesy never wove a wreath holding more of the bloom and perfume of truth, than that made up of the words,—“The bravest are the tenderest,—the loving are the daring,”—and the world never showed brows more worthy of it, than those of our dead heroes.

They were dauntless! Let it be recollected that they were hundreds, while their opponents were thousands; they were poor, while their opponents were rich; they were badly fed, clothed, armed and equipped, while their opponents were supplied with everything needed by the soldier; they had to rely upon the scant and rapidly decreasing resources of an invaded and blockaded country, while their opponents had free

access to the markets of the world;—and while thus lamentably deficient in all those advantages, with which their opponents were so lavishly furnished, they knew them to be, by birth, education and habits, foemen not unworthy of their steel. They spoke the same language, worshiped the same God, were reared under the same institutions, and descended from the same heroic ancestors. And yet, with all these disaster-brooding facts staring these Southern soldiers in the face, never were their hearts known to despair, in the lonely night-watch, upon the toilsome march, in the full roar and glare of battle, or in calamitous retreat,—never was their prowess found wanting on the most difficult and trying enterprise or, in the most desperate charge,—of a four years war.

And they were faithful! The nature and extent of their sufferings no mortal pen can portray. It may possibly convey a faint idea of those of the body,—in picturing them shivering before the icy blasts of winter,—“pierced by the arrowy rain,”—marking the frozen ground with lacerated and blood-stained feet,—eating wild berries, and, at times, grass itself, to satisfy the cravings of hunger;—but these were nothing,—were unheeded by them in the presence of the mental agony, which they, for months, aye many of them, for years, were forced to endure. They knew that behind the hostile invasions of the Southern country, their mothers, wives, sisters and little children were left homeless, and, if not friendless, without friends capable of assistance,—crying for bread and receiving

none;—and messages not unfrequently reached them, from those dear ones far away, the burden of which was “Help, help, or we perish!”—and yet they sternly brushed away the tear that could not be kept back, half stifled the sob and groan which accompanied it, left family to the care of God, and manfully, faithfully, stood at their posts.

And to conclude;—the last act at Appomattox showed that the martial virtues of our dead soldiers were, by no means, wanting in the storm-worn and battle-scarred warriors, who survived them and the cause. About the end of the twelfth century, Jerusalem, then in the possession of the Crusaders, was threatened by an army of seven thousand men under Saladin. The Templars and Hospitallers assumed the whole danger and responsibility of its defence. Their band, although scarcely numbering more than one hundred knights, and about three hundred men-at-arms, met the host of the renowned soldan, at Nazareth, and boldly charged its centre. Fighting desperately, they piled the ground with a mountain of dead Arabs, but overborne by the multitude of their foes, every man of them perished except the Grand Master of the Temple, and two of his immediate followers. Than this, no grander exhibition of heroism is furnished by those romantic and chivalrous crusading wars; but as grand as it is, when all the circumstances attending each are considered, it pales, as does the moon before the sun, in the face of that displayed by the little remnant of Lee’s grand army, in their

preparations for a final charge upon the closing field of the great struggle. Clothed in rags,—every face wearing the sunken, pinched and ghastly look produced by starvation, overwork and anxiety, but with lips compressed and eyes blazing, indicative of a determination to dare all and do all, or die, their grasp tightened upon their muskets, and they sprang into line. A few minutes they stood, amid a gleaming forest of opposing bayonets, calmly and grimly awaiting the command for the last death-grapple of the war; but thank God, it never came! It was withheld by their great leader,—the loving man, the true gentleman, the humble christian, the peerless chieftain,—who saw that all was lost. All was lost! To him what a moment of agony! Within it was compressed an age of suffering; and his noble heart broke. Not long after, he, too, was of those, whose graves are annually garlanded with Southern flowers, typical of the bloom and fragrance of their Southern virtues, and the unending remembrance of them in Southern hearts.



AGRICULTURAL DEMOCRACY.

AGRICULTURAL DEMOCRACY.*

What constitutes a State?

Not high-raised battlement and labored mound,
Thick wall, or moated gate;

Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,

Where, laughing at the storm, proud navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,

Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride;—
No, men—high minded men!

With pow'rs as far above dull brutes endued,
In forest, brake or glen,

As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
Men, who their duties know,

But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain;—
These constitute a State!

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

In this centennial year of American independence, it is especially appropriate to consider the causes of a nation's prosperity or decline. Upon a calm and full investigation of this subject, it will be found, that all of them spring, either directly or remotely, from the condition of its agriculture. This is a broad assertion, but it is fact, and is susceptible of satisfactory proof.

A thoughtful Englishman, in certain nervous and vigorous lines, has substantially said that, it is "not high-raised battlement, thick wall, moated gate, rich

*Speech made at White Church, Barbour county, Ala., November 1st, 1876.

navies, or cities proud, which constitute a State—but men!" The thought, embodied in these words, is indisputable. Men do indeed make the State. If these are intelligent and virtuous,—if these are industrious and brave,—if these are full of love of country,—if these are thoroughly imbued with the spirit of freedom,—then will the State be prosperous and powerful and happy. While on the other hand, if its people are wanting in these qualities,—no matter what architectural splendors may grace its cities; no matter what heaps of wealth may be poured into its coffers; no matter what poets, philosophers, historians, painters and sculptors, it may have produced, and by whom its cultivated mind may have been fixed upon the written page, the glowing canvas or the shapely marble,—rottenness is at its heart, and decay and death will inevitably be its doom.

Every State, which has risen since the beginning of time, has been marked by one of two civilizations, or a combination of them, which, in a broad and general classification, may be set down as a country and a city civilization. The civilization, therefore, which has the greatest tendency to develop and strengthen the virtues suggested as being so essential to the life and health of a State is the one to be preferred,—the one to be fostered;—and I say here to-day that this is a country civilization! And, although it ought not, of course, to be preferred and fostered to the exclusion of the other,—the beneficent work of which, as an auxiliary, is by no means small,—yet it should in all

cases of combination, be made vastly and heavily to preponderate. But why do I say that a country civilization is best adapted to the germination and growth of these essential virtues? Because, while in a city civilization, the mind, through the grinding influences of trade, and the polishing influences of cultivated society, is made sharp and keen and bright, frequently at the expense of its more solid and robust parts, and still more frequently at the expense of physical and moral soundness and completeness,—in a country civilization, there are no influences, which must, of necessity, be followed by such, or similar, disastrous results. In other words, while in a city civilization, only a part, in a country civilization, the whole, of the man can, as a general thing, be developed. Agriculture furnishes to those engaged in it, the most abundant facilities for the thorough exercise of every physical, mental and moral qualification;—in the ever-moving, and ever-varying labors of the field; in the multifarious, and, at times, intricate and refined improvements, essential to legitimate and successful farming; in the application of science to the art of husbandry; in opportunities for close and systematic study, and for the acquisition of popular and general information; and in interposing no bar, by its other labors, to all necessary self-communings, and to daily communings with God, through the medium of the Bible, amid the quiet comforts of a home out of reach of most of the snares and temptations of the world, and, to

almost constant communings with Him, through that of nature, upon all of whose visible forms, His goodness and mercy, wisdom and truth, majesty and glory, are scarcely less plainly portrayed, than upon the pages of His written word;—and if properly improved, the result are men full of physical, mental and moral soundness and vitality. Yes, the breathing of country air, the exercise of country labors, the inspiration of country scenery, are, I had almost said, essential to the make-up of the stalwart nobility of mankind,—the champions of freedom,—the supporters of society,—the saviors of states,—men, indeed, whose characteristics are such as the present of this country, so greatly

“Demands,—

Strong minds, great hearts, pure faith and ready hands,—

Men, whom the lust of office does not kill,—

Men, whom the spoils of office cannot buy,—

Men, who possess opinions and a will,—

Men, who have honor,—men, who will not lie,—

Men, who can stand before a demagogue,

And damn his treacherous flatteries without shrinking,—

Tall men—sun-crowned—who live above the fog,

In public duty, and in private thinking.”

The annals of the world are a standing monument of the great fact, which I have here sought to impress. Some writer has called history the Cheops of Nations. I acknowledge the appropriateness and force of the poetic idea,—and affirm that there is not a hieroglyph upon the walls of this vast pyramid, in which nations lie entombed, that is not ablaze with

this all important truth. Where are now the States of the old world, the superstructure of whose prosperity was reared upon a city civilization? Where is Tyre?—Tyre, in which, at one time, it seemed, the merchandise of the whole earth was piled,—whose people were almost as countless as the sands of its beautiful sea-shore,—and to which “all other nations appeared less as allies, than tributaries,”—Tyre, which the prophet, Ezekiel,—symbolizing the vast extent and richness of its trade,—likened unto a superb vessel,—whose ship-boards were made of the firs of Senir,—whose masts were made of the cedars of Lebanon,—whose oars were made of the oaks of Bashan,—whose benches of ivory were made by the company of Asherites, and brought out of the isles of Chittim,—whose sails were made of fine linen, with embroidered work from Egypt,—whose decks and sides were covered with blue and purple from the isles of Elishah,—whose mariners were taken from Arvad and Sidon,—and whose pilots were the wise of its own citizens,—Tyre, pronounced by the Prophet Isaiah, the crowned city,—whose merchants were princes, and whose traffickers were the honorable of earth? Go ask the few squalid and beggarly fishermen, whose nets are spread to dry upon the broken columns of its proudest palaces and temples! Where is Carthage?—Carthage, which traffic originated,—traffic enriched,—traffic enlarged,—Carthage, which disputed for years the empire of the world with Rome,—Carthage with its seven hundred thousand

inhabitants, and its three hundred dependent cities upon the coast of Africa? Go ask the mindless and nerveless slave, whose chains are clanking upon its blighted and desolate site, or the wild beast, which finds a home in the few visible fragments of its ruined walls! Where is Venice and Genoa?—Venice, the imperial, and Genoa, the superb!—Venice throned upon an hundred islands and Genoa throned upon an hundred hills,—the two States, which were to the modern, what Tyre and Carthage were to the ancient, world,—whose commerce whitened every sea,—whose influence was felt to the uttermost parts of the earth,—whose people dressed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day. Although a desolation so complete has not overtaken them, as that which has befallen their two great predecessors,—their power and glory have departed,—their people are little better than timid slaves,—the representatives of their princes are hawkers of trinkets,—and many of their marble palaces are tenantless save to the “crannyng wind.” Their

“Statues of glass—all shivered;—the long files

Of their dead Doges are declined to dust;

But where they dwelt—the vast and sumptuous piles

Bespeak the pageant of their splendid trust.

Their sceptre broken, and their sword in rust,
Have yielded to the stranger; empty halls,

Thin streets, foreign aspects; such as must
Too oft remind them, who and what enthralls,

Have flung a desolate cloud o’er these States’ marble walls.”

But not only does history teach by examples, which are indisputable, that a nation, founded exclusively upon a city civilization, is always sure to fall; but it teaches that a nation founded upon a country civilization is generally sure to prosper. Take up the history of Rome. And I point to this history, not only because it is strongly illustrative of the idea indicated, but because it is strikingly suggestive and significant, when considered in connection with that of the United States, as far as the latter extends. Take up the history of Rome! The world has never seen a braver and nobler people, than were the men of that State, in the earlier days of the republic, or a people more ardently attached to liberty; and during that period they were emphatically an agricultural people. The leading and best citizens did not live in the city, but in the country; and senators, consuls and dictators worked as ordinary laborers in the fields. One of the most distinguished of Roman authors, in alluding to this fact, with a burst of enthusiasm, exclaims, that "the earth, glorious in seeing herself cultivated by the hands of triumphant victors, seemed to make new efforts and to produce fruits in greater abundance;" which, by the way, was but an elegant and poetic method of saying that the cultivation was intelligent and thorough. The love of ancient Roman leaders for country life, country labors and country simplicity, is finely illustrated in the rebuke administered by an old senator to Appius Claudius. "Here," said he, comparing the farm,

where they chanced to be, with the magnificent country house of the other,—“Here we see neither painting, statues, carving nor mosaic work, but to make us amends we have all that is necessary to the cultivation of lands, the dressing of vines, and the feeding of cattle. In your house every thing shines with gold, silver and marble, but there is no sign of arable lands or vineyards. We find there neither ox, nor cow, nor sheep. There is neither hay in cocks, vintage in cellars, nor harvest in barn. Can that be called a farm? In what does it resemble that of your grandfather and great grandfather?” Manius Curius, who repeatedly triumphed over the Sabines and Samnites, and finally drove the great king of Epirus, with his eighty thousand veterans, from Italy, worked and fared as did the slaves upon his little farm. Cato, the censor, who, when not engaged in public service, labored indefatigably, day after day, in his fields, was called the best farmer of his age. There is a volume of meaning, which ought to be pondered, in one of his favorite expressions with regard to agriculture. “Those,” said he, “who exercise that art are of all others least addicted to evil thoughts.” Regulus, in the midst of his African campaign, asked permission of the Roman senate, to return and cultivate his farm, which had been neglected during his absence,—wisely preferring the simple wreath of a successful agriculturist, to the ornate crown of a successful general. Ah!—those were the iron days of Rome, and the golden days as

well,—when its power and independence were supreme,—those days of agricultural encouragement and elevation! And as long as that encouragement and elevation continued, so long did that power and independence continue, but no longer. With the decline of its agriculture, declined all of the virtues, which made Rome the pride of its people, and the terror of its enemies. Turn to the time of Tiberius, the third Cæsar, when the sun of that great power, having been above the horizon nearly eight hundred years, had passed its meridian splendor, and was hastening to its setting, in a sea of blood, and a cloud of shame. Hear what a true and wise Roman, living at that time, has to say about the abuse of its agriculture, in connection with the profligacy of its people. “I see at Rome,” said he, “schools of philosophers, rhetoricians, and, what is more astonishing, of people solely employed, some in preparing dishes proper to whet the appetite and excite gluttony, and others to adorn the head with artificial curls, but not one for agriculture. However the rest might be well spared; and the republic flourished long without any of these frivolous arts; but it is not possible to want that of husbandry, because life depends upon it. Besides, is there a more honest or legal means of preserving or increasing a patrimony? Is the profession of arms of this kind, and the acquisition of spoils always dyed with human blood, and amassed by the ruin of multitude of persons? Or is commerce so, which, tearing citizens away from their native country, exposes

them to the fury of the wind and the sea, and drags them into unknown worlds in pursuit of riches? Or is the trade of money and usury more laudable, odious and fatal as they are, even to those they seem to relieve? Can any one compare either of these methods with wise and innocent agriculture, which only the depravity of our manners can render contemptible, and, by a necessary consequence, almost barren and useless?" Yes,—truly was it the depravity of their manners, which rendered their agriculture contemptible and barren and useless; and it may be added, on the other hand, as their agriculture was rendered more and more contemptible, the depravity of their manners went on increasing, until Rome fell, and great, utter, overwhelming was the fall of it.

And now what does history say of the United States, and its civilization? It says that, to the culmination of the unfortunate events resulting in the late war, agriculture in these States was the leading interest—the interest, in which their best men were chiefly engaged, and their wealth chiefly embarked. It says that the war of the revolution was, in a great measure, fought and won by farmers. It says that the government was, in a great measure, administered by farmers. It says that Washington's highest earthly ambition was to be considered one of the best of farmers. In a word, it says that the fields, which God made, controlled the town, which man made. And what a country was the result! What a people! What a government! A country, in which every

day added to the appliances and effects of prosperity and power—a people brave, sturdy, honest, industrious, and with a love of freedom, which, it seemed, could never be impaired or shaken,—and a government faithful to all its high trusts,—running in the interest of no cliques or factions, but keeping step constantly to the grand old march of union, fraternity, and the “greatest good to the greatest number of the people.”

But history tells a different story of this country and its civilization to-day. It tells that agriculture, although still, in many respects, the leading interest, has lost prestige, position and power. It tells that agriculture has been shorn of its wealth. It tells that agriculture has been fettered by unwise and oppressive legislation. It tells that, by these means, assisted by the aggregation of capital in the cities, and powerful rings and monopolies, the civilization of the United States is rapidly changing from a country to a city civilization,—from a country civilization, under, and by the aid of which, their liberties and greatness, like those of Rome, were achieved and maintained,—to a city civilization, under and by the aid of which, should the transition become complete, they will, like those of Rome, be assuredly and forever destroyed. Already evidences of the decline of republican virtues are everywhere visible,—in the greed, and wild hunt after office and money,—in the corruption, which stalketh abroad, even at noon-day, unshamed in the presence of the world,—in the

lascivious riot of city wealth and luxury,—in rulers being what the greatest of the prophets has so heavily denounced,—“companions of thieves, lovers of gifts and followers after rewards,”—and above all, in the apathy and indifference, with which the highest governmental, as well as individual, crimes, are regarded by the masses of the people.

Oh!—while struggling in all other ways to uproot these alarming evils, the good men of this country,—the good men of the cities, as well as the good men of the rural districts,—should not fail to take those steps, by which such evils in a state can alone be effectually and finally removed. They must build up agriculture! They can build up commerce,—build up manufactures;—but let them build up agriculture at the same time,—build it up all the time,—repair every damage it has sustained,—restore every rampart it has lost,—enlarge its boundaries,—lay its foundations broader and deeper,—and raise its superstructure higher and grander,—that those of other interests may be, as God intended them, merely its appendages—giving to it indeed, while deriving from it, beauty and strength,—but never its superiors,—never its equals.

THE REBEL DEAD.



THE REBEL DEAD.

Home-pictures make those of war seem darker ;
War-pictures make those of home seem sweeter.

EASTERN PROVERBS.

True ; rebels they were, firm and strong,—
But not as a pitiless foe
Portrays them in hist'ry and song,—
Portrays them, and smiles at the woe
Their death, in its train brought along.
Not rebels to honor, not rebels to truth,—
Not rebels to faith, and not rebels to ruth,
But oh ! they were rebels to wrong.

They clung to their State with a love,
That in beauty and power was one,
As pure as her blue sky above,—
As bright and as warm as her sun,
Which not a disaster could move.
Her action to them was the law and the right,—
When called she for aid they were ready to fight,
And die, too, her honor to prove.

And husbands they were.—Ev'ry part
Of home-life was sacredly sweet,
With flowers, that bloom in the heart,—
With flowers, that bloom under feet,—
Which wife-tilled such fragrance impart.
Their zeal for the South only ending with life,—
Devotion unselfish,—like that of the wife,—
Made painless grim death's bloody dart.

And brothers!—As fresh as a morn,
The softest and sweetest in May,
The faith of the sister e'er shone,
But never with steadier ray,
Than when with white hands she put on
The armor of brother. The sister's great trust,
And firmness were his 'neath the sabre's red thrust,
As, breathing a prayer, he was gone.

And fathers!—whose children did rove,
With laughter and shout by the rill,
That sang near the cot in the grove.—
That smiled 'neath the hall on the hill,—
Those sweet little prattlers of love.—
Not dull grains of earth, but sparkles of heaven!—
As child-pure, the hopes of fathers were given
The cause for whose triumph they strove.

And sons they of great mothers, too,
Who bade them in battle be bold,
To strike like stern Martel, who slew
The Paynim-invaders of old,
And thus gained his name—it was due.*
A courage 'twas enough—these rebels e'er showed,
In life, and in death, like the courage that glowed
In mothers' hearts noble and true.

They were men—the grandest of men!
Their faith, love, hope, valor shone bright,
As radiant in spirit as when
Kosciusko dared all for the right,
And failing, showed worthier then.
Oh South, to thy duty!—let blossoms of fame,
In beauty supernal, enwreath e'ry name,—
To wither!—no, never again!

*It is said, that at the battle of Poitiers, where the power of the Arabs north of the Pyrenees was broken, and their career of western conquest terminated, the ringing sound of the blows dealt by the iron-hand of Charles upon the heads of the Saracens, plainly heard above the roar of the conflict, obtained for him the surname of Martel, or the Hammer.

THE SOUTHERN PLANTER.

THE SOUTHERN PLANTER.

He was a man fit for whatever is greatest and bravest among men, and withal such a lover of mankind, that whatsoever had any real parts in him found comfort, participation, and protection, to the uttermost of his power,—like Zepherus, he gave life wherever he blew.

LORD BROOKE.

No finer type of the gentleman has this world ever produced than the Southern planter. Look at him before the late war! Brought up to feel, when he stood upon his paternal acres, that he was the monarch of what he surveyed, and that watchfulness and tenderness, with regard to all confided to his care, was a great duty,—a paramount obligation,—he was independent without haughtiness, and determined without obstinacy. Surrounded by an ample supply of the world's goods, which his early training taught him were to be enjoyed, not hoarded,—were to be used as the means of beautifying life, not as the end of it,—he was generous without calculation, and charitable without display. With all the health-giving influences and freedom of the country about him, and with the purity and beauty, which God had so legibly written upon earth and sky, entering into and ennobling his spirit,—he was strong without arrogance, honest without censoriousness, genial without levity,

and candid without rudeness. Passing, in short, the larger portion of his time upon his plantation,—his mind engaged in superintending, and providing for, its varied interests,—his frame developed by every manly exercise,—and his heart invigorated and brightened by close and almost constant communion with nature in all her visible forms,—there was in him no part of the man wanting,—he stood forth, in mental, moral and physical proportions, complete and finished ;—as nearly so, at any rate, as was possible to mere mortality with its manifold weaknesses and imperfections.

When the war ended he was the last in the field, as he was the first when it began. Feeling that all was lost save honor, he accepted the settlement of the great issue by the sword,—honestly renewed his allegiance to the government,—and quietly turned his attention to his private affairs. He found his plantation in ruins, his supplies scattered, his stock gone, and the character of his labor changed. The accomplishment of the task before him, with money, was not easy,—without money, it was most difficult ;—with habits of systematic and undeviating thrift, and a thorough appreciation of the situation, it was herculean,—without them, it was simply impossible. Accustomed to pay off large debts every year by the proceeds of his crops, so that he was never embarrassed, and had consequently no fear of such obligations,—princely in his style of living,—in his hospitality,—in his charity ;—careless in the management

of his property,—in his expenditures,—in his collections,—he soon found himself inextricably involved, and was speedily crushed beneath the accumulated weight of financial burdens. Yet a few years, and the last trace of him will have disappeared; and despite his faults,—indeed because of his faults, for they all sprang from that noblest attribute of humanity,—a generous, and unsuspecting nature,—it may truly be said, that the world will then have forever lost the man, whom

“Take him for all in all,
We ne’er shall look upon his like again.”

These lines can never become stale, because Shakspeare wrote them. They have been often quoted,—and yet it may well be doubted if they have ever heretofore been applied so fitly and truthfully, as they are now applied to the SOUTHERN PLANTER.



THE STRENGTH OF A STATE.

THE STRENGTH OF A STATE IS IN ITS INDUSTRIES.*

Ill fares the land to hast'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.

GOLDSMITH.

It is not my purpose to submit to this Convention an elaborately prepared paper, or to make to it what is ordinarily termed a regular built speech. Indeed, I occupy to-day, in connection with its proceedings, rather an humble position. The distinguished gentlemen, who are to follow me, according to the fixed order of exercises, have each some special industry of a state to discuss. It is made my business to speak of these industries generally. My remarks, therefore, will bear about the same relation to the solid and useful body of its work, that a porch does to a house, or rather that a preface does to the remaining contents of a book. They will be simply introductory, and, as all such remarks ought to be, short.

The strength of a state is in its industries. The question of greatest practical importance, which pre-

* Speech made before the Industrial Convention held at Blount Springs, Alabama, Sept. 4th, 1877.

sents itself for investigation and solution, in connection with this interesting subject, is, how may these industries be vitalized and enlarged? And herein, it is found that both government and society often sadly neglect one of their chief duties, and consequently often misapply their energies. The duty of each, with regard to this matter, will be made to appear,—very imperfectly, however, it is apprehended,—in the answer to the great question proposed: How may the industries of a State be vitalized and enlarged? In order to determine this question satisfactorily, it is necessary to ascertain upon what these industries mainly depend for activity and strength. There is no need of turning to any treatise on political economy for this information. Common sense stands ready to give it fully and at once; and it is embraced in the single word—consumption! The more extended the reach of consumption among the people,—the stronger and more numerous are the markets established,—the more active and rapid the various kinds of industrial exchanges,—the larger and finer the products, and the greater, consequently, and more powerful the stimulus given to industry. I have seen it frequently stated in leading journals of the country, that there are perhaps ten millions of laboring families in the United States. Let the earnings of each of these families be increased only one dollar per day; and it will be found that nearly four thousand millions of dollars are added to their ability to purchase annually the products of industry, or the necessities of life; and, in proportion

to this vast sum per annum, is consumption enlarged, and labor vitalized and invigorated. The need, too, of a broader and deeper reach of consumption, among the great mass of the people, is daily growing stronger and more urgent, and is made to do so, by the rapid multiplication and improvement of all sorts of labor-saving machinery. With a few men, by the aid of such appliances, doing the work of thousands, and their power and ability in this respect, being constantly augmented,—without a steady increase of consumption, there will be—there must be—periodical returns frequently of overflowing markets, unemployed labor, with general depression, bankruptcy and starvation.

What is needed to increase this purchasing ability on the part of the masses of the people, and thereby enlarge consumption, and invigorate the industries of a state, is, that the interest upon money be rated low enough to make it correspond, as closely as may be, with the profits upon labor,—or, the value of the one be brought and kept, as nearly as possible, upon a level with the value of the other;—in other words, that unlaboring capital be not allowed to realize profits so much heavier, than those of laboring brain and muscle, or, of laboring brain and muscle conjoined with laboring capital. The correspondence of these values or profits can be approximated,—at any rate usurious interest can, to a great extent, be prevented,—by the currency of a State being made fully adequate to the industrial necessities of its people—

by the volume of currency being maintained at the point required to supply easily all the demands of labor for its multifarious exchanges. The rightfulness of such an adjustment,—to say nothing of its advantages,—in the incentive to industry, and in the advancement of general prosperity,—is plain, when it is remembered that labor, or labor combined with laboring capital, often fails in the accumulation of material wealth, and, at best, it is said, only accumulates at the rate of three or four per cent., while unlaboring capital does so at double, and not unfrequently at quadruple this rate.

The rapid increase of money by interest is rarely thought of, and consequently rarely appreciated. Amounts even at six per cent., compounded, are doubled every dozen years. At this rate, how long would it take a few of the immense fortunes at the North,—one of the wretched outgrowths of governmental frauds and popular corruption,—to grasp and selfishly appropriate the bulk of unfixed American capital? Several of these fall but little short of one hundred millions of dollars. One hundred millions of dollars! Such an amount at six per cent. interest, compounded, in the course of one hundred years, would reach the stupendous sum of nearly forty thousand millions of dollars. And by way of additional illustration, let us glance briefly at the accumulations of the Rothschilds family. According to certain scraps at present going the rounds of the newspapers, it appears that the public history of that

family, financially, commenced with Moses Rothschilds, who, during the last century, was a poor man,—a small and obscure banker at Frankfort-on-the-Main. His honesty,—especially as displayed in the preservation of jewels and money to a large amount, belonging to one of the German princes, who was compelled, by revolutionary troubles, to fly from his country, and, in the subsequent restoration of the whole property, which the worthy Moses could readily have appropriated, upon the plea of its having been discovered by the enemy and taken from him,—so lifted his reputation, that business, like “greatness,” with some of the men known to Malvolio, was “thrust upon him.” From this small and humble beginning, that business, under the management of his associated descendants, has increased, until to-day,—in but little more than a single century,—the wealth aggregated by it and invested in it, is represented to be not less than five thousand millions of dollars. And it may be further said,—should no disaster befall the Rothschilds,—in an incredibly short space of time, at the rates of money increase in Europe, which are much smaller than they are in the United States, the larger portion of the floating wealth of that vast continent will be in the hands of this one family.

The government of the United States, instead of being guided by the sound principle of political economy just suggested, is pursuing a course diametrically opposed to its teachings. In the place of enlarging a

monied circulation notoriously inadequate to the wants of business and trade, it is zealously engaged in the work of contraction, indirectly, if not directly,—perhaps both. The value of money is being greatly enhanced, and the value of labor proportionately lowered. The gains of the money-kings are being added to with startling rapidity; and by the consequent depression of industries, these gains, it is no exaggeration to say, are being coined out of the tears, groans and lives of the masses of the people. While other governments have found thirty or forty dollars *per capita*, as a circulating medium, none too much; in the United States it has been brought to scarcely more than fifteen dollars *per capita*; and it is daily being made smaller. While the English government has found that three or four per cent., upon its bonded indebtedness, is as much as the labor of that great kingdom can well carry, the United States government, although paying nearly, if not quite, double the rate being paid by the other, upon a bonded-indebtedness but little inferior in amount, and with much less than half of the taxable wealth,—is steadily adding to this enormous and destructive burden upon the industrial energies of the people, by the demonetization of silver, and the contraction of the legal tender currency.

One of the terrible results of this policy on the part of the government, as you know,—and a very painful knowledge it is to all of you,—has been a labor-strike, which recently swept with tornado-like force, over a

large part of the country, not only wrecking millions of dollars' worth of property, and producing untold suffering in many quarters, but inaugurating, for a time, in several of the larger cities, a saturnalia of vice and crime,—a disregard of the rights of individuals,—and a contempt for all law, both divine and human,—the evil influences of which will be felt for many—many long years to come. These strikes, it may be well to remark, even did they reach the evil sought to be remedied, being destructive of all law, order and good government, can hardly be too much feared, and too promptly checked;—but they do not remedy the evil. On the contrary they aggravate it;—a simple sore upon the body-politic, deeply seated it may be, but controllable with skillful treatment, becomes, under such rough and violent management, a cancer, far-reaching in the multiplied ramification of its roots, and often wholly incurable. Employers and employes make up the two wings of the great army of industry, and a struggle between them is, in truth, a heavy blow given to the very vitals of labor. The evil largely, in fact, almost exclusively, exists in the scarcity of money, which, through high interest, eats up the proceeds of labor, and starves and paralyzes it. And it ought to be added here, that, while it is the bounden duty of government to put down all lawlessness with a strong and ready hand, it is equally the duty of government to give no occasion for lawlessness by its own wrongful actions; for where such occasion is given, all right-thinking men and nations

will visit it with as grave censure, as the misguided and miserable creatures, provoked into outbreaks, by its folly and injustice.

And society has assisted government in this unjust and disastrous discrimination against the industries of a state! Under the influence of certain prejudices, which it has dignified with the name of laws, it has been accustomed to place a higher social estimate upon those who do nothing—upon those who lazily enjoy the profits of labor,—than upon those who honestly and vigorously toil for them. Thank heaven, in the southern country, where the lines of this discrimination were, at one time, strongly marked and widely drawn, they have been almost entirely obliterated! Thank heaven, that here, at least, through innate nobleness of character, called into active play by the nature of the times, and the stern teachings of adversity, social usages have been so modified, that the horny palms of manual, as well as the furrowed brows of intellectual, labor, clothed in homespun, are regarded and treated as infinitely higher badges of honor than the blanched hands and sleek fronts of the “do-nothings,” clad in silken sheen and purpled laces! And why should not all labor be so regarded—so treated—so exalted? Not only is it the source of all wealth, but it is the foundation of every other element which gives health and stability to a state.

Labor is chivalrous. It is character! The hard-workers are the true nobility of earth. To the blood, which courses in such red splendor through their

veins, the best that ever warmed the heart of the princeliest Plantagenet, is as the stagnant pool to the mountain-rivulet. There is no bar-sinister upon their escutcheon—no,—none through the long array of their glorious ancestry, reaching back, as it does, to the very dawn of creation itself.

Labor is purifying. Turn to the black catalogue of crime, and it will be seen how almost unvaryingly idleness and vice are associated. The prince of darkness seldom finds an entrance into busy hearts to incite busy hands to the doing of his foul behests. He is repelled generally not only by the want of room, but by the atmosphere of purity, which pervades all their secret chambers.

Labor is elevating. Where would one look for manly energy, firm resolve, unerring judgment, and unbending virtue? Where would he seek for a friend to take to his bosom, as a companion and a guide, a sympathizer and a counsellor? Where would he search for a leader in some great and chivalrous enterprise? Where, in short, would he find a "giant's strength, a hero's courage, a child's simplicity, an apostle's love and a martyr's will?" In the seats of pampered ease and indulgence, or in the seats of honest toil,—in the haunts of fashion, or in the haunts of industry,—in the former reeking with the pestilential fumes of dissipation and trifling, or in the latter fresh and buoyant with the perfumed air, and all ablaze with the pure light of native and labor-acquired strength? Need an answer be given?

Labor is the stalwart and fearless guardian of liberty. Slavery can hardly be fastened upon a nation over which this great spirit presides. The inhabitants of little Switzerland have ever been a laboring people;—and the battles of Morgarten and Sempach, by which the vast military power of Austria was paralyzed,—and those of Granson, Murten and Nanci, in which the ponderous and well-drilled legions of Charles the Bold of Burgundy were overwhelmed,—show how they could fight for freedom. The inhabitants of little Holland have ever been a laboring people;—and their free spirit and resolution, all the exertions of Spanish brutality and French ambition, backed by vast armies wanting nothing in discipline and appointments, led by such captains as the Duke of Parma, on the one hand, and Turenne and Luxemburg, on the other, were unable to subdue or tame. When every hope of successful resistance, at one time, seemed over, they broke down their dykes, and buried their country, with its vast heaps of wealth and rich treasures of art, beneath the waves of the German ocean, with the deathless feeling in their hearts, which found utterance upon the tongue of their noble leader,—“better a drowned country than a lost country!” And in final attestation of this fact, it is only necessary to point to the handful of laboring American colonists, in their struggle with the foremost power of the world, and the character and results of the battles of Bunker Hill and Lexington, King’s Mountain and Cowpens, Monmouth and Yorktown.

And above all, labor is the offspring of Deity! It was performed by God in the creation,—and to overcome the curse of the ground, it was graciously bestowed by Him upon man. It is divine!—divine in its original performance!—divine in its original appointment! And everywhere, its honest exertions, from the highest to the lowest, are living songs of praise to Him! It is, as the poet has well said—worship!—and none should neglect it—none should seek to evade it:

“Labor is worship, the robin is singing!
Labor is worship, the wild bee is ringing!
Listen!—that eloquent whisper, upspringing,
Speaks to thy spirit from Nature’s great heart:
From the dark cloud comes the life-giving shower,—
From the rough sod springs the soft breathing flower,—
From the small insect, the rich coral bower,—
Man, in the plan, should not shrink from his part.”

Ah!—with what health and strength, then, would a state be invested by universal labor;—with what virtue and purity would it be filled;—with what honor and glory would it be crowned! Under the benign influences of such labor, the fleeting dream of the philosopher, gorgeous as the sun-dyed clouds of a summer’s evening, would be caught and imprisoned;—and the model republic would be no longer a myth, but a reality.





MEMORIAL DAY.

MEMORIAL DAY.*

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud.
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And these proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

THEODORE O'HARA.

This is a solemn day! It is solemn in its institution, solemn in its ceremonials, solemn in its associations, solemn in every thought and duty which it suggests and teaches. Is it too much to say that we, the Confederate living, seem now to stand in the presence of the Confederate soldier-dead? Is it even too much to say that, to-day, appears slowly to defile before us the long line of heroes, who fought so grandly upon every blood-stained field from Manassas to Appomattox, clad in the ashen gray of the evening sky, into which they have passed, every face aglow with the resolute expression of the same high faith which warmed their hearts at each step of their soldier-life, but darkened at times by an anxious shadow, as if they mutely asked: "Have you who

* Speech made at the Selma city cemetery, on Memorial day—April 26th, 1877.

have survived us, been also faithful? Have you vindicated our memories, in the only way that they could be properly and effectually vindicated, by a like unshaken confidence in the truth and ultimate triumph of the principles for which we fought, and suffered, and bled and died?" Grave question! Who among us, with hand upon heart, can reply that, through all these latter years of desolation and sorrow, years of right fettered and powerless, and wrong enthroned and triumphant; who among us, I say, can reply: "I have never faltered; I have kept the faith, and, by the blessing of God, will keep it unto the end?" The women can indeed do so—those glorious Southern women—whose souls shine not only with the sweet springs of all gentle and modest virtues, but the stronger currents of will and resolution, in the cause of truth and justice, which disasters are unable to lessen or obstacles to check. Pointing to this day—this memorial day—which originated in their pure minds, and to Confederate-soldier graves, which are decorated by their pure hands, each ceremony connected with which bespeaks admiration of the deeds of those for whose sake it was conceived and executed, as well as sympathy for their sufferings, grief at their loss, and faith in their principles, and in their final success, they can proudly say: "The memories of our dead soldiers are dear to us, and we have done, and will continue to do, our duty by them." Ah! the women of the South!—the women of the South! How richly do they deserve to be

loved for their beauty and gentleness and purity, to be admired for their heroism and strength of purpose, to be revered for their self-sacrificing devotion to principle! While the war was going on, they forgot self,—they buried every thought of self;—they gave up property, ease, and all the pleasures and delights of home, around which clustered the tenderest and fondest associations, and without which life was a burden to them; cheerfully and without a murmur; and more, they gave up father, brother, husband and son—aye, even garlanded them for the sacrifice—words of encouragement only passing the lips—faces serene in patriotic resolve; or if, perchance, the serenity was ever broken by a tear that would come, it was brightened by the smiling eye from which it dropped, at a moment when pangs more terrible than those of death itself were tearing their bosoms. And when the long struggle was over, and the South a ruin and a desolation, dismay on its face and horror at its heart,—they, tenderly and delicately nurtured,—they, whom the winds of heaven had not been permitted to visit too roughly,—they bared their dimpled arms, took the jewels from their rosy fingers, to do singly and alone what scores of servants had done for them before, with a courage and a determination which put to shame, and, in most instances, to flight too, the despondency and gloom which clouded the brows, darkened the hopes, and paralyzed the energies of those upon whose brave spirits they had hitherto been accustomed almost wholly to rely for

guidance and direction. "Look not mournfully into the past,"—and they felt and spoke and acted the sentiment embraced in this beautiful and truthful passage from Hyperion:—"Look not mournfully into the past; it comes not back again. Wisely improve the present; it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart."

Have we, Southern men, been equally as honest and faithful in our labors to preserve untarnished the memories of our fallen braves? Not by dwelling, in loving terms, upon their valor; their patient endurance of suffering; their fidelity to duty; their moderation in victory, and their firmness in defeat. No! For these are known and acknowledged from Maine to California—from Iceland to Australia. The remembrance of them, even were their history unwritten, could never be lost. It is as imperishable as the patriotic principle from which they emanated, and over which they exercise a controlling power. But have we been true to, and outspoken in, the maintenance of the justice and rightfulness of the "Lost Cause?" Alas! under the influence of selfish considerations—considerations of mere personal promotion and profit—have not some of us fallen away from the faith in which we were born and raised, and admitted, either expressly or impliedly, that one of the great objects of that faith—the right of secession—the assertion of which on our part brought on the war—never existed, and that the fruits of its exercise

were wholly pernicious and disastrous—in short that the idea originated in wrong, and that the blood poured out so freely to maintain it, was not only needlessly but criminally shed? The doctrine of secession is dead! Submitted to the arbitrament of the sword, the decision against it was direct, utter and final. But the fact of its being dead to-day does not argue that it was dead before such decision was made. On the contrary, that it was alive—that it was a right of the states reserved by them as a remedy for federal wrongs and usurpations, is plain from the very nature and theory of our government, the history of its origin, and the contemporaneous testimony of many of its founders, as well as the opinions of some of the ablest jurists this country has produced:—and such will be the verdict of impartial history! For us, therefore, to acknowledge now that the idea which formed so prominent a part of our political education, and upon which we so confidently and courageously acted, was wrong and the prolific mother of wrongs, or to tacitly acquiesce in the enunciation of such a dogma, would be to sin against light and knowledge, and, at the same time, write rebel and traitor across our foreheads, and upon the headstone of every Confederate soldier's grave.

And have the results of the war, which followed our attempt at the exercise of this right, been wholly ruinous? Have its fruits been altogether bitter and poisonous? Has it indeed ended in a mere waste of patriotic blood and hardly-earned treasure? It is to

be hoped not. And are there not grounds for such hope? The right of the states to local self-government,—to preserve which right secession was resorted to—may have been lost with the war, which, however, in the light of recent events, hardly seems probable; it certainly would have been lost, and forever lost, without the war. For one moment, if it be possible, let us forget that terrible struggle, and all the terrible occurrences since, and go back to a period immediately preceding them, while we briefly consider this point. The election in this country of a chief magistrate upon a basis purely sectional, with the other branches of the government filled upon the same basis, a result which, had there been no war, must have surely followed, would have placed the rights of the minority section of the states at the mercy of the dominant or majority section; and one has read the history of the world to little purpose, and has but a superficial knowledge of human character, who does not know that this power would have been exercised in the interest of the latter, or majority section, to the detriment of the former, or minority section. But, as this could not have been done without the rights of all the states, those of the majority section, as well as the others, being injuriously affected by it in the end, through the establishment of precedents, each step of the government would have been most cautiously taken and guarded, and every requisite preparation made for the security of the next step, until the march to absolute power on

the part of the government would have been accomplished; and that too, so naturally, quietly and gradually, the people of the states could not have been aroused to the nature and scope of the movement, before their rights were gone and they helpless and in chains. But the war came and passed away! And presuming upon the passions engendered by it among the people of the controlling or majority section, the government, by a long and desperate leap, attained what it would otherwise have reached, by soft and easy gradations—surrounded the ballot-box with its soldiery—destroyed and built up state governments at will—thereby not only shocking the moral sense of patriots throughout the entire Union, but opening their eyes at once and widely to the perils of the centralized despotism with which they were threatened. That matchless form of government bequeathed to us by our fathers, in which the rights of the whole are made consistent with those of the several parts, and founded upon the great system of popular suffrage, is no failure in this country yet! Already have the people fearlessly, and in no measured terms, proclaimed that the right of local self-government not simply “may be,” but shall be, secured to the states. Truly, truly is the guiding hand of a beneficent and all-wise Providence manifested in each one of the bold and desperate moves of political gamblers and conspirators to prevent being made to work out, directly and surely, the re-establishment of sound constitutional government over

every portion of our common country. Thank God for it! Thank God, the night is at last passing away—a night which has taken up no small part of the existence of this country; and light is beginning once more to paint her colors of purple and gold upon the eastern horizon. A dreary night, especially to the South, has it been—a night unrelieved by light of moon or star, and horrid with thunders and tempests. Wearily, wearily have patriots, all over the land, been looking for the darkness to end; wearily—wearily—with a constantly recurring, and a deeper and yet deeper disappointment. Despair had well-nigh seized upon their anxious souls, when the powerful declaration was made at the ballot-box, by which was announced “the coming of the day.” The unmerited sufferings of the Southern people, during this long and disastrous night, and the heroic and uncomplaining fortitude with which they have been supported, no tongue can tell—no mind conceive; but, in the joy of the approaching deliverance, while they may not be able to forget these trials (nor indeed should they do so, for by means of them have sprung into light their noblest and grandest virtues), and with hearts filled with love for a constitutional union, which even oppressions in its name could not crush, and with confidence in the early purification of every part of their “Father’s House,” they, joining hands with their conservative brethren of the North, East and West, can and do, fervently and sincerely, unite, on this, the first memorial day of the country’s second

century, in the glad song of "Glory to God in the highest—peace on earth and good will toward men," closing with the triumphant and jubilant refrain, of "Happy is the nation whose God is the Lord."

And when this much longed for and good time shall come to this country,

"Who can place
A limit to the giant's unchained strength,
Or curb his swiftness in the forward race?"

or, to change the figure, who or what will have power to check the sturdy youth of American liberty upon his upward path, bearing in his hands,

"'Mid snow and ice,
The banner with the strange device
EXCELSIOR."

Learning a lesson from his late experience in being so nearly lost in the storm, and buried beneath the falling avalanche,—with a more watchful eye, a stronger heart and a firmer step,—he will slowly but surely mount "higher and higher" the steeps before him. Along the path darkened by grim Alpine woods, and roughened by sharp Alpine rocks, higher and higher!—across yawning chasms and black ravines and frosted glaziers, higher and higher!—over ice-clad slopes and towering precipices, and frowning snow drifts, higher and higher!—in spite of howling blast, and rushing avalanche, and roaring flood, and thickening cloud, and blinding lightning

and crashing thunder, higher and higher!—until the very crest of power is attained, bathed in the glad sunlight, and fanned by the glad breezes of a substantial and abiding prosperity. Then,—oh! then shall this prosperity, based as it will be—based as it must be—upon the rights of the states, unmutilated and unimpaired—rights, for which Confederate soldiers struggled and died,—make the memories of these heroes shine with a brightness and beauty scarcely less than supernal.



RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ALABAMA LEGISLATURE,

1857-8, and 1859-60.

Methinks I hear the question asked by my graver readers, "To what purpose is all this—how is the world to be made wiser by this talk?" Alas! is there not wisdom enough extant for the instruction of the world? And if not, are there not thousands of able pens laboring for its improvement? It is so much pleasanter to please than to instruct—to play the companion rather than the preceptor.

What after all is the mite of wisdom that I could throw into the mass of knowledge; or how am I sure that my sagest deductions may be safe guides for the opinions of others? But in writing to amuse, if I fail, the only evil is in my own disappointment. If, however, I can by any lucky chance, in these days of evil, rub one wrinkle from the brow of care, or beguile the heavy heart of one moment of sorrow; if I can now and then penetrate through the gathering film of misanthropy, prompt a benevolent view of human nature, and make my reader more in good humor with his fellow beings and himself, surely, surely, I shall not have written entirely in vain.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

The object of the present writing is, in the main, to call fresh attention to certain of the young and gifted dead of the State, who figured somewhat prominently in her councils in the few years just preceding the war, the memory of whose services, virtues and sacrifices she should not willingly let die.

It may be well to say here that in these sketches, where portions of speeches of members are given, the exact words in every instance, of course, are not used

- . --that being impossible from mere recollection. No injustice in this respect, however, has been done any one—words having never been attributed to a party with any other view than to set forth strongly some peculiar characteristic, that all might be able to judge truly of him—and this has only been done when absolutely necessary for such purpose.

MONTGOMERY.

Ah! those days of 1857-8 and 1859-60! They were golden days! During a large portion of the time Montgomery was filled with visitors. Much of the intellect and chivalry of the State was there congregated; and the fair daughters of the capital, joined with those from Mobile and other points, formed together a combination of sweetness, grace and loveliness rarely to be met with even in this "Land of the beautiful." Always pleasant and gay and bright, Montgomery never had before displayed these charming characteristics so strongly—so fully. The residences of its enterprising citizens, gemming, amid rich clusters of encircling greenery, its sunny slopes and the margins of its level thoroughfares, and crowning its picturesque eminences, were seats of a noble hospitality—a hospitality so refined, so elegant, and withal so extensive, that the recollection of it will ever be a brightness to the thousand and one of its partakers in every quarter of the State.

The first matter of much interest brought before the

Legislature of '57-8 had reference to the election of United States Senator. Hon. C. C. Clay's term of office had not expired, but would do so before the next session; as, however, between such expiration and such subsequent session there would not be a regular meeting of Congress, it was urged that no necessity existed for holding the election at that time. On the other hand, it was argued that the times were stormy; that clouds, threatening destruction to the best interests of the South, were visible in the political heavens; that there might be a called session of the federal legislature, when, should the election be postponed, the State could have but one Senator; and that sound policy consequently dictated that Mr. Clay's successor should be chosen at once. A good deal of feeling, none, however, of an acrimonious character, was engendered. It may be remarked also—*par parenthese*—it was tolerably evident that the election, if held then, would result in the choice of Mr. Clay for another term. When the question came up in the Senate, the friends of election put forward

EDWARD C. BULLOCK

as their champion speaker. It was his first appearance in such a role before the Legislature. As a brilliant and fearless writer and publicist, he was known all over the State; and vague rumors of his being gifted with great powers of oratory, which he had hitherto made but little use of, were also afloat.

The Senate chamber was crowded. The question was not one of sufficient scope to bring out the full strength of a speaker; yet his efforts fully met the high-raised expectations of his intelligent auditory, who listened with delighted and breathless attention to arguments decidedly and pointedly put, enforced by rare aptness and beauty of illustration, and the whole rendered doubly effective by great earnestness of manner, and a singularly musical voice.

Bullock was a remarkable man. Many persons, upon meeting him for the first time, say at the festive board, and listening to his conversation, incessant in its limpid flow and flashing and sparkling all over as it rippled along, no doubt thought him superficial. A greater mistake could not well have been made. He was exactly the reverse. In truth he was the Halifax of Alabama, without that distinguished statesman's disposition to doubt and trim. He was a many-sided man; and all the sides had breadth and strength as well as brightness. He would have acquitted himself with credit and honor in any position in which he might have been placed. It is no exaggeration to say that he would have made a good judge, a good governor, a good United States Senator—when to have been such was an honor—and a good diplomatist. As either of these he would have been great—aye, more—he would have been excellent.

In the House the proceedings with regard to the propriety of holding the election were somewhat different from those had in the Senate. Two young

members, one from each extreme of the State, perhaps others, who favored the measure, were desirous of speaking; but upon a consultation among them, it was decided that, as they were certainly in the majority, no talking on their part was necessary; that the fires of the opposition, lacking the fuel which could only be supplied by discussion, would speedily be extinguished, and the desired vote upon the question obtained. The result proved the wisdom of the policy adopted. Two or three opposition speeches were made, after each of which there was a "pause for a reply." One of these speeches was made by

THOMAS H. HOBBS.

"None knew him but to love him" was essentially true of Hobbs. As mildly mannered and as gentle hearted as a woman, yet decided in his views, and firm in their maintenance—an elegant gentleman, a scholar and a Christian—he had, although young in years, already made for himself, throughout the State, an enviable reputation which was daily brightening.

His speech was elaborate, and presented the arguments of the opposition fully and forcibly. He sat down. No response! He arose again, and after briefly running over the arguments embraced in his previous remarks, called most urgently upon the friends of the measure to say something in its behalf. No answer! The question was about to be put, when he sprang to his feet, and, glancing quickly

around the hall, he somewhat excitedly, albeit no man had better control of himself, desired to know if gentlemen were going to sit quietly and tamely in their seats, while the impolicy of their proposed action was being shown, without some attempt to defend themselves. His remarks were ingenious, and well calculated to bring about the object he had in view; but they failed. At their conclusion, although it could be perceived that several of those to whom they were directed, burned to take the floor, an ominous silence prevailed! Hobbs then gave up in despair.

There were many able men in the Legislature, during the times here treated of. A few—only a few, however—allied themselves with the Radicals since the war, and having given that party all of its brains in Alabama, have done the poor old State an immense deal of injury. There were also some who fell within the interesting class popularly termed characters.

THE PARLIAMENTARIAN

was one of these. At times he offered much amusement to his confreres. He was looked upon as one of the clever boys of the House. Everybody liked him and enjoyed his youthful eccentricities. With a face and manner expressive, in a high degree, of a frolicsome disposition, it was no easy matter, in some

of his legislative manœuvres, to decide when he was in earnest. Some of these performances had very strongly the poetic merit of "abruptness." Now and then he startled the House by suddenly jumping to his feet, and taking issue with the chair upon some point of its rulings so clearly correct as not to admit of a doubt, and proceed to give it—the House, I mean—the benefit of about a page and a half of Jefferson's Manual, which, he contended, bore directly upon the point at issue, and made good his objection. No one, however, could see it, as he did, for, despite the ingenuity of his reasoning, backed by the authority of Mr. Jefferson, the Speaker always stupidly insisted upon his decision; and, upon the appeal, which instantly followed, the House as stupidly always sustained him—invariably with but a single "not content." Mazeppa says:

"One refusal's no rebuff."

This parliamentary "dissenter" went beyond the old Hetman of the Cossacks. He did not think a man ought to be cast down by many refusals. Although never successful in these attempts upon the chair, he was never discomfited, but came back again to the charge, when the spirit moved him, with the same liveliness and vigor that he manifested in the beginning.

THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND

was another. He was a tall, angular gentleman, from one of the lower counties—kind hearted and sensible.

He was an efficient member, being always at his post, and especially attentive to the wants of his immediate constituents. He had his hobby, which was a good one, when not pushed to an extreme: Economy in the management of State affairs. He rode it rather heavily at times, but not quite so much so as one or two others upon the floor, who were similarly mounted.

He claimed also to be, *par excellence*, the representative of the bone and sinew of Alabama. And he showed, by all his actions, that the claim was well founded. It was evidently not made for effect, but was expressive of his true and honest feelings. When he took any decidedly active part in the advocacy of a bill, it was because it was beneficial to the interests of the poor of Alabama; and *vice-versa*. Those interests were his main subject of comment in making any speech—so much so, that sometimes, when taken in connection with the character of the measure under consideration, his remarks appeared rather ludicrous. This propensity of the honest old member gave rise to the following *bon mot*. It should be premised that he had but one eye. In mock session one day at the capitol, the annexed resolution was introduced:

“*Resolved*, That the gentleman from C. has an eye single to the interests of the poor of Alabama.”

He readily forgave the one-half of the *double en-*

tendre, referring as it did to a bodily infirmity, for the compliment embraced in the other.

THE FANCY TALKING MEMBER

was still another. He was one of the members of the House from L., and was dubbed the "Fancy Talker" by a newspaper correspondent. And not a few speeches did he make; but justice requires it to be added, they were generally short, and sometimes sprightly and pointed. The great drawback, however, to the good ones was, that like the best of G. P. R. James' novels, they were provided by the author with too much indifferent company. He was not wanting in intelligence, and his parts were good; but a man has to be something remarkable to talk much and not talk much nonsense.

A bill was introduced by Hobbs to establish, at some eligible point in the State, an asylum for the blind. He supported it by a few characteristic remarks, which were followed by something more elaborate from the talking member. The body of the speech was rather seemly; but it was finished off—that magnificent humbug of Doesticks, Niagara Falls, supplying the material—with a flourishing tail in the way of peroration, like unto the following:

"Look, Mr. Speaker, at Niagara Falls! See the castellated rocks piled so majestically on either hand—the stately motion of the heavy current above—its arrowy swiftness in making the terrible leap—the waving, sparkling lines of light shooting from the vast

abyss far upward upon the surface of the tumbling waters—the seething and surging vortex below, from which issue, like the multitudinous howlings of a host of imprisoned demons, a mighty and thunderous roar, and above which roll, in ever shifting folds, clouds of spray, sullen and sombre in shadow, but gleaming in the light with a ‘soft, filmy transparency resembling the finest veil of silver gauze’; and you are ready to exclaim, sir, with every other beholder, a grand picture! But, sir, that picture in the physical world of America is not grander than are, among men, the outcroppings of public sympathy and charity evidenced by the building and endowment, by government, of such institutions as the one under consideration.”

At a dining given the same day, at the residence of one of the first citizens of Montgomery—the son of a gentleman who had most worthily filled almost every office within the gift of the State—while the guests were seated around the table, laughing, talking, and sipping their wine, one of them suddenly arose, not, as he said—replying to the enquiring and expectant looks with which his action was greeted—to make a speech, for, as all were aware, he held postprandial speeches a bore, but simply to propound a weighty interrogatory to his friend, the junior member from M. He desired to ask how the gentleman from L. managed to get all that big talk about Niagara Falls in with remarks upon a Blind School bill? “The answer is easy,” was the reply. “It was in the highest degree appropriate. There is an intimate connection, you know, between a cataract and blindness.”

Several other so-called characters were to be found in the Legislature, two or three of whom will be noticed hereafter.

The bill of Jones, of Mobile, "More effectually to prevent the banks of other States from carrying on the business of banking in this State," was the special order for a certain hour in the House, and

THOMAS E. IRBY,

of Dallas, was entitled to the floor. Slowly, and distinctly, and with much gravity, he opened his speech. "Mr. Speaker: This measure is one of the most interesting and weighty, that has engaged the attention of the people of this State for the last half century; and I trust, sir, that I, to-day, shall be able to treat it in a manner befitting its importance, and the dignity of this body." Here he stopped. He made an effort to proceed; but he hesitated, blundered, and finally broke down. With a broad smile mantling his jovial face, he said: "This is my first attempt, Mr. Speaker, to make a prepared speech—one cut and dried—and I reckon it ought to be my last." He then took his seat, unabashed, and in great good humor.

No! Irby could not make a set speech; but he was quick and ready in debate, and, in an off-hand effort, he always made good and decided "hits." When addressing the House, his round, rosy face, shining like the sun, around which waved masses of fiery red hair, joined with his laughter-loving voice, diffused a geniality and warmth through the minds and hearts

of all about him, and thus prepared them to give a kind consideration to his generally well digested views, and to regard with favor his many sound and practical suggestions.

When the question is asked now in Alabama—where is the man, who started upon his career for State honors, under such flattering auspices, some fifteen or eighteen years ago?—the reply commonly is,—He died upon the field. Such was the fate of Irby. He fell at the head of his regiment in Virginia, where fell so many of Alabama's best and bravest; and "tears, big tears" bedewed many a manly face at his death. He was one of "Freedom's champions," and

—"He had kept

The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept."

When Irby sat down in the discussion upon the bill referred to,

STEPHEN F. HALE,

of Greene, arose. He was rather young-faced, but gray-headed. A broad, sort of Scotch accent, made his voice somewhat disagreeable. His remarks, however, were generally so much to the point, and so lucid and close in argument, that one did not long notice this defect of utterance. He was a model legislator, and attended to the business of the State *con amore*. He was a vigorous-minded man, and a fine lawyer. A member of the Judiciary Committee, he studied every bill referred to that committee with all the care and strictness that he did his briefs. It was

the common talk among the younger members associated with him, that it was unnecessary for them to look into and investigate such measures, as Hale would do it thoroughly; and being conversant with the constitution, statutes and supreme court decisions of the State, he would come to the committee room prepared to explain every point that might arise.

He was a man of generous nature; but he never allowed his warm-heartedness, either in committee or the House, to warp his judgment; he ever came to his work coolly, dispassionately, and with an eye directed solely to the good of the people.

Like his neighbor and friend, Irby, Hale lost his life upon one of the bloody battle-fields of Virginia, while gallantly leading his regiment. He is missed in the State.

JAMES S. WILLIAMSON,

of Lowndes, also took part in this discussion, as he did in almost all discussions of any length or importance during the session. He was a plain farmer, with an education somewhat limited, a vigorous mind, and a high and fearless spirit. He informed himself well with regard to every matter presented to the legislature for consideration. His voice, though shrill, was not displeasing,—his utterance rapid,—and his action energetic. The power and effectiveness of his speeches, too, were considerably increased by a striking person,—tall and well-proportioned, and a ruddy face, showing a “nose like the beak of an eagle, and an eye rivalling

that of an eagle in brightness." He was always ready to meet, and shiver a lance with any knight of debate; and however dexterous his antagonist might be in the use of his weapon, Williamson either victoriously held the field, or left it with honor. He was killed, with his sword flashing above his head, and his clarion-like cheer encouraging his men, as he led them in a furious charge upon the enemy's breastworks at Frazier's Farm.

ROBERT D. HUCKABEE

was one of the cleverest men in the House. Although chronically afflicted,—with but "poor health" for years—from the sufferings of which he has been at last forever released—he never seemed to fail in spirits or good temper. His disposition was naturally sweet, and although sorely tried, it ever remained so. In all his acts as legislator, he displayed modesty, right feeling and sense; and his work was unobtrusively, yet effectually done.

An incident, in which he figured as one of the principal actors, while a member, ought not to be forgotten. He brought with him to Montgomery, a body servant, named Nathan—an African with all the lines of a genuine full-blood—retreating forehead, flat nose, thick, protruding lips that really "blossomed as the rose," long heels, and hair that kinked so closely that both ends appeared attached to his head. Nathan loved whiskey; and now and then he imbibed rather extensively. On these occasions he was as loathsome

as useless ; and he was both to perfection. After trying various means ineffectually to break him of the vice, Huckabee, as a sort of *dernier resort*, threatened him with freedom, on its next occurrence. Nathan, like Ritchie Moniplies, "kenning when he had a gude master," if the other "did not ken when he had a gude servant," determined that "the deil should be in his feet gin he left him," and proceeded to keep himself right side up with care, making no false step for several weeks. But alas ! one evening he was found by his master, upon returning to the hotel from the Capitol, drunker than ever. When he recovered from the effects of his spree, he was called up, not for trial—that was unnecessary—but for sentence and execution. By Huckabee a great parade was made ; friends to act as witnesses were sent for—pen, ink and paper were provided, and duly set out on the table—while he, taking a position behind it, sat rigidly mute, with an expression grave, severe, even funereal. The delinquent was heavily impressed ; he stood upon one leg, then upon the other, and swallowed as if there was a huge hill in his throat, which, like Banquo's ghost, "would not down." When all was prepared, the apparently inexorable judge slowly arose, with a sheet of paper and pen in his hands, and said : "I told you, Nathan, some time ago, if you ever got drunk again, I should turn you loose. Well, you have done so ; and now I have called in these gentlemen to witness the free paper here prepared for you. You can take it ; go and shift for yourself."

Here Nathan's tongue was untied. He begged, prayed, and besought his master not to set him free—not to drive him off—not to ruin him ! He implored him, in an ecstasy of fear, just to try him once more, and he promised, with an earnestness indicative of the fixedness of his purpose, to let whiskey alone forever. His manner and words brought to mind vividly the energetic, frantic, agonizing appeal of Morris to Helen McGregor for life.

Some important measure was before the House, the object of which met the approbation of the members generally. There was opposition, however, to some of the details of the bill,—and a motion was made to refer it to the proper committee, that these defects might be remedied. The friends of the measure undertook to suspend the rules, and pass it at once, and just as it was. When the effort was made, a new member suddenly arose,—the silver tones of whose voice immediately riveted attention,—and said : “I approve of the object sought to be attained by this bill ; but I do think certain of its provisions ought to be modified. The usual reference to a committee, that this end may be accomplished, is asked by the few who agree with me. The majority are disposed to deny us this right, and are striving to put this measure through with a haste which smacks of indecency. Now, sir,” exclaimed he in a voice as clear and as ringing as a trumpet-call, “we demand this reference ;

and we hereby warn the majority that if they attempt thus to 'dragoon' us into measures, to ride over us 'booted and spurred,' we will exhaust every constitutional right, and every parliamentary manœuvre, to defeat the bill." He thereupon proceeded to make a speech against certain features of the bill, which for eloquence and power was seldom surpassed in a legislative assembly. This was the first speech made by

JAMES B. MARTIN,

of Talladega, before the Alabama Legislature.

Col. Martin was killed at Dranesville, Virginia, in the thirty-sixth year of his age. He was an humble christian, an affectionate friend, an honest man, an able lawyer, and a true soldier. With him, as with his great commander, duty was a guiding star—one that was never lost sight of;—and in the shining but rugged path marked out by it, he was never known to falter or waver. The truth of this statement was made conspicuously manifest in the last act of his life. He had been elected Judge of the District in which he resided, and had obtained leave of absence from the army to hold his courts. He postponed his departure to take part with his regiment in the expected engagement. It is said that the shadows of coming death rested upon his spirit, and that to a comrade, who found him upon his knees before the battle began, he expressed the settled conviction that the last day of his life had dawned; and he was prepared for it. The

death that he looked for found him where duty placed him.

“Yon path of greensward
Winds round by sparry grot and gay pavilion ;
There is no flint to gall thy tender foot,
There’s ready shelter from each breeze or shower.
But Duty guides not that way—see her stand,
With wand entwined with amaranth, near yon cliff :
Oft, where she leads, thy blood must mark thy footsteps ;
Oft, where she leads, thy head must bear the storm,
And thy shrunk form endure heat, cold, and hunger ;
But she will guide thee up to noble heights,
Which he who gains seems native of the sky,
While earthly things lie stretched beneath his feet,
Diminished, shrunk, and valueless.”

These are noble lines. Would that the truths garnered in them could find the same lodgment in the breasts of all young men that they found in that of the subject of this sketch. The tender and graceful stanza so often quoted, is so singularly appropriate when applied to Colonel Martin, that I cannot refrain from using it here in the way of a farewell :

“Ah! soldier, to your honored rest,
Your truth and valor bearing ;
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.”

THE NICE MEMBER.

One of the members of the House, a tall and slender gentleman, always clad in habiliments scrupulously exact and elegant, and guiltless of wrinkles, had, in

walking—unconsciously, perhaps—a sort of Arling-tonian strut. The Colonel—let him have that title for the nonce—was a fine make-up for a joker; and, of course, when this is the case, the joker is always close by. In this instance he appeared in the person of a certain candidate for office before the Legislature. His complexion was adust, his features saturnine, his voice dry, and his deportment, when not engaged in a frolic, grave. With nothing of the appearance, he was “a fellow of infinite jest.” To trump up a story on some friend, so arranged as to give it the requisite *vraisemblance*, and made out of all that ridiculous stuff, which, as Macaulay has somewhere said, if founded in fact, the man to whom it refers would desire forever buried out of sight, and the publicity of which would tend to make him hang himself, was his daily business, and to retail it to a choice knot of congenial and appreciative spirits, with the party to be victimized present, the acme of his earthly felicity.

But to the tale upon the Colonel: Seizing his opportunity, when the crowd, and “all things else were conforming,” the joker remarked that he “chanced to be a witness of a somewhat extraordinary incident, which he wished then and there to give all the benefit of. A bluff old countryman, a sort of rougher looking Dandie Dinmont, clothed in kersey, and booted in cowhide to his knees, with a huge leather-bound wagon whip under his arm, was standing the day before at one of the corners of Main street, when the Colonel passed by on his way to the Capitol. The old

fellow watched him closely, and with great apparent interest, as he (the Colonel I mean) paced deliberately and majestically along. Stronger and stronger became this gaze—deeper and deeper became this seeming interest, as the elegant and high-headed figure slowly receded; when, all at once, Dandie drew himself up quickly, lashed out with his whip so vigorously that it sounded like a pistol shot,—evincive of some sudden and desperate resolution,—and set off with rapid and lengthy strides up the street. He soon overhauled the gentleman, and brought him to a stand by touching him smartly on the shoulder.”

“What can I do for you, sir?” said the Colonel, turning around, and slightly unstiffening.

“Can I stay all night in Montgomery?” was the questioning reply.

“Certainly, if you wish,” said the astonished Colonel, rather blandly; but immediately after, as the impudence of the question flashed across his mind, he energetically blurted out, “what in the deuce do you mean, sir?”

“No harm, stranger—no harm intended, I assure you,” answered Dandie, mildly and simply. “I have never been here before, and—and—I thought from the way you walked, the place belonged to you!”

Among the talking members of the House,

HENRY T. DRUMMOND,

of Mobile, occupied a prominent place. He talked

vastly too much, and now and then certain members grew restive under the infliction. On one occasion, during about Drummond's third speech upon some matter of no especial moment, the member from P. shot a paper pellet at his nose, which was a very prominent one. Swiftly and surely across the entire hall flew the little missile, and fairly and truly it drove the very centre of the object at which it was aimed. D., highly indignant, called the sportsman to order. The proper explanation was at once made, and all was quiet again,—doubly quiet, for the pellet effectually demolished D.'s speech."

The member from M., who was talking to P. when he fired the shot, repeated in an under tone, as D. took his seat :

"The first bird of spring
Attempted to sing,
But before he had rounded his note,
He fell from the tree,
A dead bird was he,
The music had froze in his throat."

Poor, gallant, generous, high-hearted and unpopular Drummond! It has seldom happened that a man so deserving has been blessed with fewer friends. Independent, chivalrous, talented, liberal and truly honorable, as he was, it would appear to most persons that he ought to have counted his friends by scores and hundreds; but he was unfortunately afflicted with a temper quick and fiery, and with a manner indifferent and unattractive. Those who understood him thor-

oughly, and those only, liked him, and, in spite of his (call them not faults, but misfortunes), admired him.

He served through the war, but unfortunately was made to fill a bloody grave after its close. Had he lived, his too ardent spirit would no doubt have been softened down by age, and his many noble qualities would thereby have been allowed ampler scope to achieve that greatness which is never thrust upon the unpopular.

THE ROUGH DIAMOND.

No! it would be a mistake, but little short of a crime, to pass him by without some notice here. To do so, would involve a course not less radically defective, than the representation of the play of Hamlet with the Prince of Denmark left out. He was a prominent figure among these legislative characters. The Lord of the Highlands "eke was he"—the proud bird of the mountain, whose plume was never torn!

He was about forty-five years of age, rather rotund in person, with dark hair and eyes, and a face ruddy and good humored. With but little information and less education, he was always listened to with pleasure by the House, because of the impudence, superlatively sublime, with which he was abundantly gifted, and which never failed to show itself in every portion of his remarks upon any subject. His character was a perfect jumble of inconsistencies and contrarieties. He was simple-minded and vain, genial and shrewd, honest and demagogical.

His speeches upon a measure were sometimes,—indeed generally,—made in supreme disregard of “time, place and circumstance.” Anything that was suggested to him came out, whether in point or out of point. In remarks upon a railroad bill, for instance, no one was surprised when he left the subject and launched out in this way:

“My county, sir, is a great county. It is a land of rugged rocks and sturdy trees, and equally rugged and sturdy men. There is nothing within its limits to produce luxurious desires, or beget effeminate tastes. All live by the sweat of their brows. Like them, I have been a hard worker since my boyhood. I am almost without education—what little I know has been accidentally picked up here and there. What I am, I owe to no man. Upward, slowly but steadily, I have worked my own way. Solitary and alone, sir, I set this ball in motion. Thanks to strong hands and legs and back, and—although I say it myself, who perhaps ought not to do so—a cool head, I am now here among the magnates of Alabama.”

He was interrupted here by some one rising and suggesting to the chair the irrelevancy of such remarks to the matter under consideration.

“Well, sir, I am opposed to this railroad scheme. Its friends are making a great noise over it, and show no consideration whatever to the feelings of those who do not agree with them. They are like the Pharisee of old, who thanked God he was not as other men. This vaunting, domineering spirit won’t serve

their turn. They will accomplish nothing by it. 'Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall.' It is the great root of all vices. It hurled Lucifer from Heaven. It drove Adam from Paradise. It set to work the Babel builders, and brought about the confusion of tongues—an evidence of the great misfortune of which, is to be seen in the remarks of some of the gentlemen upon this floor, whose scraps of Latin, French and other outlandish gibberish, render them at times wholly unintelligible to plain, unlettered men like myself."

He was again interrupted by a member submitting that pride had nothing to do with railroads.

"Yes, the gentleman's proud stomach can't stand the wholesome bitter of the physic. He is one of those fancy members, to whom I have just alluded—one, who so words his remarks as to make them dark to me, and to such as I am. And he does the same with some of his bills. Their sense is lost in words—words. These are the grasses concealing, perhaps, dangerous things; but I look closely and sharply; and whenever I see a snake there, I knock it on the head, sir—I knock it on the head. But I will return to the subject as the gentleman desires. I should oppose this bill solely for the reasons given (he had forgotten to give any); but, sir, my principal ground of objection to it, is, that the proposed railroad is not to run through my county."

If he opposed a tax bill, it was because he objected not only to certain features of the measure, but be-

cause his people did not like to pay taxes—no more did he.

Unfortunately these imperfect specimens furnish but faint traces of that simplicity, geniality and harmless vanity, which gave point to all he did, and perhaps still more feebly display that singular—that unique trait, which, while it made him, like the demagogue, do certain things for popularity with his constituents, would not allow him, like the demagogue, to conceal the motive.

If living, his county has in him a most valuable and trustworthy citizen; if dead, it has lost one—and so has the State.

Everybody loves praise. It is not often one is disposed to object, even when the commendatory plastering is done rather thickly and heavily. Singular as it may appear, but not the less true for all that, an indifference was exhibited, and much of it felt, by a member of the Legislature, to newspaper panegyric; except, indeed, when he thought it was too strongly seasoned, and then he noticed and objected! That man was

STEPHEN W. HARRIS,

of Madison. With a portly and commanding person, an erect and dignified bearing, and a fine face, he never failed to attract attention; and his genial and sprightly conversational powers, his purity and elevation of thought, his consistent piety, and his broad

loving kindness, gave him an unending hold upon the hearts of those who knew him well. To come upon him suddenly amid a crowd, was like meeting a clear blink of sunshine breaking through a cloud-rack.

There was an anonymous writer engaged in making pen and ink sketches of certain of the members for one of the Montgomery dailies. A sketch of Colonel Harris appeared. There was nothing remarkable in that; but there was something remarkable in the way he received the compliment. He was horrified—the word is used deliberately; no other will adequately express the state in which he was placed by the publication. The eulogy, he said, was unmerited; and parts of it, in its application to himself, were simply ridiculous; as, in his few weeks of public life, he never had made the least show of the traits of either “orator” or “statesman,” even if he had them; which Heaven knew there was no ground for believing. The sketcher, however, although some of his epithets, under the circumstances, may not have been in the finest taste, was much nearer right in his estimate, than was the object of it. Colonel H. was possessed of the material, out of which distinguished men are made; and with life, inclination and less modesty, he would have been one.

The icy fingers of the great Destroyer were never laid upon a purer and nobler man.

THE GROWLER.

People may sometimes disguise it, but they have

respect for a Growler—a respect considerably heightened, when he is honest and conscientious. Generally such an one, instead of making himself disagreeable to those about him, renders himself vastly entertaining. There was one of these excellent “Grimwigs” in the Legislature. He was past the middle age, and strongly built, and his every facial line and look, and every motion, were most expressive of his disposition and character. With him, as a legislator, the transaction of the business of the State with the greatest speed consistent with thoroughness, was everything. He believed in trudging, with ceaseless energy, along that dusty highway, until the journey was accomplished—no loitering by the wayside to enjoy a cooling shade, or cull a fragrant flower. Speeches of any sort he regarded with little favor; he murmured at short ones—he grumbled at long ones—and when they were not only long, but unsolid, his growlings were deep and wrathful. Disgust ineffable attended his detection of the faintest shadow of demagoguism, or trickery on the part of any of his colleagues—a disgust which was never concealed. His mutterings and gruntings were addressed to no one—indeed, he seemed to be unconscious of them himself,—and although in suppressed tones, were ordinarily loud enough to be heard by those immediately around him.

With him a member making a high-sounding speech was “a peacock spreading his plumes to attract the admiration of bystanders, except for show, of little worth;” and one engaged in explaining a

measure, which he, Grimwig, thought too plain to require explanation, was "trying to get his name in the papers, and thus befool his constituents into the notion that he was strict in his attention to their interests; on the contrary, he was lengthening the session unnecessarily, thereby taking money out of their pockets, as well as boring those so stupid as to listen to him."

He interrupted a gentleman talking to him on business, one day at his seat, by the abrupt remark:

"Ladies in the hall."

"How do you know? I see none."

He pointed to one of the members—very handsome—who had just taken the floor.

"That's my indicator," said he. "He's the thermometer, by whose motion alone I am always informed of the presence of beauty's fervent blaze.

"The warmth from lovely woman's eyes
Doth make that man mercurial rise.

"That's some of my poetry, how do you like it?"

Reference has been had to his wrathful impatience of any course that savored of trickery—anything, in short, done for mere popular effect. This was most frequently and ludicrously called out by any opposition to bills appropriating money for necessary purposes. His *sotto voce* comments then were as bitter, and often as sharp as those of Sir Mungo Malagrowth. They sprang, however, from a noble spirit,

which could never be affirmed of the sayings of the old Scotch courtier.

A bill was introduced asking for a small appropriation to repair certain public property which was going to waste. It was opposed, and a speech made against it. Said the opposer:

"The wall, Mr. Speaker, should not"—"Ah," muttered old growler, "you don't want the wall; you prefer the catterwaul."

"I have set on my seat"—"Yes, you have sat, and have hatched opposition to a necessity, and now you are clucking to your followers. Do let us have your concluding cackle, and be—zounds to you."

Every legislative body has, of course, some members possessed of more assurance than brains—not that their supply of the latter important article is especially small in every instance, but that their supply of the former is most bountiful. There were two or three of these in the House. Of one, who took the floor, during what might be termed a "hush" in legislative proceedings, erected his crest, and deliberately turning, looked, for about three minutes, upon the upturned and expectant faces around, with wonderful self-complacency, and with a sort of gaze-upon-one-and-die air, and whose words, after so august a

blaze of silence, were few, and rather "stale, flat and unprofitable."

A. B. MEEK,

of Mobile, said: "On the whole, Puff made a splendid speech; whatever might be thought of the talking part, all must admit that the looking part was most profound, and, in the highest degree, eloquent and impressive."

Meek was Speaker of the House. He was a man of commanding presence, near six and a half feet high, well formed, and graceful in his movements, with a fine head, and a mild face. He was an excellent presiding officer. It is true that he was not at all times as decided in his rulings as he might have been perhaps; but there was, on his part, such an evident disposition to deal fairly and honestly, attended and brightened by so much suavity and kindness, that his mistakes were generally overlooked, or unnoticed. To the younger members he was especially considerate and indulgent; and nothing pleased him better than to draw a speech from one, who chanced to be modest and backward—his pleasure from the operation being increased in proportion to the happiness of the effort.

He died about the close of the war. Meek was Alabama's finest, if not her only true, poet. His poetry, too, is peculiarly Southern. It is as highly colored and richly flavored as the fruits and flowers of the South, as genial as its breezes, and as pure and brilliant as its sunshine and skies. His "Charge at

"Balaklava" was attributed by the English press to Alexander Smith, the author of the Life Drama, and was pronounced by it superior to the "Charge of the Light Brigade," by Tennyson.

ROBERT T. LOWE,

of Madison, was the youngest member of the House, and was endowed with much sprightliness and versatility of mind. He was a high-toned, cultivated gentleman. Although fully able to make his mark, he never took a very active part in discussions. Some remarks, made by him against time, once created considerable amusement. It was near the close of the session. A bill was being considered making some woman a free dealer. The opposition to it had gradually weakened, as the matter was one that the members cared but little for; and it was about to pass, when Lowe took the floor against it. He saw that in some thirty minutes, the hour for the special order would be reached; and he determined, if possible, to hold the floor for that time. It was no easy matter, as all that could be said against the bill had been said over and over again. He commenced a speech, which, as he proceeded, though out of order from beginning to end, trimmed the edges of it so closely, and was withal so sprightly and full of anecdote, with occasional touches of so much beauty, that the friends of the measure forgot themselves, and suffered him unchallenged to carry his point.

Lowe resided in Huntsville—a city quick to recog-

nize merit in her sons, and quick to honor it. Her young men were not forced to await the coming of wrinkles and gray hairs, for opportunity to achieve success in their respective callings, but when found worthy, she ever took them up, and assisted them with a heartiness which left no room for failure. She thus became the mother, or foster mother, of many of the most distinguished men, who have adorned the annals of Alabama. Truly may Huntsville be proud of her children,—and they have every reason to be proud of her,—proud of her imperial beauty,—her broad and well paved avenues fringed with stately trees,—her clear running streams,—her closely-drawn girdle of mountains,—her splendid public buildings,—her elegant private residences,—her fine, working schools and churches,—and above all her well earned reputation for generosity, refinement and public spirit. The Rev. F. A. Ross most aptly described this gem of a city, when he characterized her as being made up of “streets of roses and houses of intelligence.” Ah! Huntsville! beautiful Huntsville! My home once,—my home in that good old time forever lost in “clouds of blood and flame,”—I can say of thee what Paul Fleming said of Interlaken,—the sun of a rich autumn evening was setting, when I saw thee for the last time; but the sun of life shall set ere I forget thee!

Lowe's, indeed, was a “little life rounded by a sleep.” He had scarcely more than entered upon the years of vigorous manhood, when he was cut off. He

died with the Confederacy,—fortunately, however, it was not among strangers, unfriended and alone, as was the fate of so many of our gallant soldier-boys, that he breathed out his life; but in a peaceful home, blessed with every care and attention that could be bestowed by wife and sisters and brothers and friends.

The House Committee on Federal Relations, in the session of '59-60, reported a series of resolutions, which excited an animated discussion. The resolutions strongly condemned Douglas's popular sovereignty dogma. The report was made through

DAVID HUBBARD,

the chairman of the committee, who advocated their adoption, in a speech marked with the simplicity of style and strength of argument, for which he was noted. "The old Major," or "Uncle Davy," as he was designated by his friends—for he had reached his three score and ten—was a man of great vitality. He was richly endowed, too, with mind—mind wanting in polish, but by no means wanting in vigor. It was like a piece of sculpture by Michael Angelo—rough, but full of power. One of the speakers in the debate, not inaptly, likened the whole man—using the language of Carlyle—to "some castle of a feudal age, time-worn and battle-scarred, but grand in its massiveness and black-frowning strength."

Smith, Rice, and others, sustained the action of the committee; Forsyth, Clitheral, etc., etc., opposed it. The speeches of all were able. Forsyth did his best, and those who know him do not require to be told what that best was. A friend and admirer of the "Little Giant," he defended him valiantly against all charges; and, after exhausting argument in an effort to prove the soundness of Douglas's political opinions, he reached out to show the necessity of a firm alliance between the South and West—the first and surest step toward which would be accomplished by the former taking up this great representative man of the latter; a firm alliance, to stay the East in its persistent attempts, by cunning thievery, to live upon the results of their toil and labor, and, by deeply laid schemes, to destroy the principles upon which the government was founded.

During the debate upon these resolutions a member, after replying to the arguments tending to show that there was no substantial difference between the squatter sovereignty position of Douglas and that of the black Republican party, attended with the statement that between him and a candidate of that party, a Southern man could have no choice, jocosely remarked:

"Not have a choice! Not have a choice, sir, between the two? This is all stuff. Sir, were his Satanic Majesty to die, and were I allowed to vote for his successor, provided one had to be elected, I should have a choice between the several aspirants."

He was interrupted here by some one asking him what office in pandemonium he would expect in the event of the success of his candidate.

"That of door-keeper," was the immediate response, "that of doorkeeper, to admit the gentleman promptly, when he presents himself and knocks."

I have said that a prominent part was taken in this debate by

ALEXANDER B. CLITHERAL,

or the "versatile Aleck," as Jonse Hooper was accustomed to call him in the "Mail." With his name comes up a multitude of associations pleasant and sad. He, in his prime, was taken from the earth, after long and painful disease and suffering. He was my friend—for many years, and during dark, dark days, my intimate friend; and

"I never knew a better,
I never loved a dearer."

I can scarcely write of him as he really was. The fear—a natural one under the circumstances—that others, who knew him but as men are ordinarily known to one another, might regard my estimate of his worth as overstrained, ices my pen; and I am likely, indeed certain, to fall into the opposite error of doing less than justice to his excellences of head and heart.

His intellect was bright and quick. Almost without an effort it seemed to seize hold of and illumine

every part of a complicated question, enabling him at once to present to others his conclusions with great clearness. And he was as witty, and as happy at repartee, as Sydney Smith. No "quip modest," nor in fact, any other sort of quip, was ever directed at him, which did not meet with an immediate "retort courteous;" and the retort was generally the more effective of the two. His witticisms were sometimes characterized by all the keenness of edge and deftness of management of the cimeter of Saladin in dividing the cushion—sometimes all the downright sheer force of the sword of Cœur de Lion in cleaving the iron bar. And yet such hearty good humor accompanied the strokes—emphatically "strokes of pleasantry"—that they never left a wound behind them. If one was at any time inflicted, like that received by Piercie Shafton in the glen of Cora nan Shian, it was instantly healed by this "White Lady" of the heart.

Although before Clitheral's death years had silvered his hair, he retained in a singular degree his youthful freshness of feeling.

"A mirthful man he was—the snows of age
Fell, but they did not chill him. Gayety,
Even in life's closing, touched his teeming brain
With such wild visions as the setting sun
Raises in front of some hoar glacier,
Painting the bleak ice with a thousand hues."

He was full of merriment, indeed some thought he had rather too much; but it should be said that beneath all this glittering effervescence was the purest

wine of generosity, courage and integrity, joined with a love for his friends as strong and lasting as life. Many were benefited by his virtues—none, save himself, were injured by his faults. Let the latter sleep and the former be cherished.

It was during this session of the Legislature that I first met

GEN. JAMES H. CLANTON,

and I cannot refrain from turning aside to say a few words with regard to him—one of the best men that Alabama ever produced. He was not a member, but was at the time engaged in the practice of the law, and resided at Montgomery.

All men are fearfully and wonderfully made. Men of true greatness, however, are also fearfully and wonderfully gifted, and fearfully and wonderfully trained. They are indeed men, who

“Think

What others only dream about, and do

What others only think, and glory in

What others dare but do.”

And they are, by no means, plentiful. Occasionally in our journey through life we meet face to face with one. Southern civilization has developed a few of the grandest specimens that have ever blessed the world and ennobled humanity. Not the least of these was the subject of this short and hurried sketch. Although many years have elapsed since I last met him,

—it was long before his unfortunate death in the city of Knoxville,—I can see him almost as plainly now, as if he were bodily before me,—his form splendidly developed by vigorous and manly exercise,—his bearing erect, dignified, bold and free,—no disposition being indicated there to “bend the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift might follow fawning,”—and his fine old Saxon face lighted up with a pair of blue eyes, the common expression of which was frank, open and confiding, but which could blaze like stars, when the spirit behind them was aroused to the performance of some deed of “*derring do*” in the cause of right.

He was the Ivanhoe of Alabama. Like that renowned knight, he was generous, manly, brave, wise in council and in the field,—in a word, he exhibited in his every utterance and action, “high thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy,”—like him, he showed upon his shield the motto *deslíchado*,—the one being disinherited by the father, the other by the fatherland, and that, too, in the face of all reason and justice,—like him, who strove to raise up and protect the lowly of England, he struggled to have educated and made useful the lowly of the South,—and like him, in response to the urgent and tearful appeals of his afflicted State, heroically and valiantly, with his whole soul, mind and strength, he gave himself to the great work of ridding it of its robbers and oppressors,—its Bois Gilberts and its Front de Bœufs, with their grisly train of hungry and wolfish carpet-bag followers.

These imperfect sketches are now ended. And, in conclusion, I would simply say,—peace be with the young and gallant dead of the State,—and with Alabamians a lasting remembrance of their worth.

THE BACKWOODSMAN.

THE BACKWOODSMAN.*

Beauty and music made a new man of him,—
Changed all his thoughts and feelings.....

FLETCHER.

An old man sat in a grange at eve,
His suit of homespun was rough but neat ;
His hair thrown back from a high-arch'd brow,
In snowy waves on his shoulders fell,—
There lay in curls. And broad-chested, strong,—
His face embrowned, and ingrained with red
Of health's fine painting, with full-orb'd eyes,
Whose steadfast rays showed a heart at ease,
And all at one with itself and life ;—
A patriarch!—such a man he seemed
As Abram was, after conqu'ring kings.
To city-life he was fresh and new ;
For years before to the backwoods he
Had gone : and out in the wilds, remote
From jars of turbulent trade, and wars,—
Without a wife, or a child, or friend
Around his hearth, he had passed his days ;
But while his life-work had not been cheered,
Or brightened, yet it had well been done ;
And peace had hovered o'er his lowly home.
Not hermit lone in a mountain-cave,
Was half so simple and plain as he,—
So free from every art and guile.

* Addressed to Miss B., one of the sweetest song-birds of East Alabama, and sent to her on the evening of her marriage—December 20th, 1876.

A silent group, with the list'ning ear
Of youthful vigor, were crowded round,
While th' old man talked of the many joys,
And pure delights, of the farmer's home ;
And on this theme, to his heart so dear,
He warm became, and abruptly said :
“ In all the world, the most graceful things
Are bright green stalks of the taper corn.
With curving blades, and feathering crests,
In thickened ranks of their lusty life,
Upright and fixed. And the loveliest,” he
Went on to say, “ is a field of grain,
Full-headed, ripe : its fair golden sheen
Made darker—brighter—as o'er it sweeps,
In gentle billows, the evening wind.”
And then, with glistening look, he asked :
“ What music can with the sounds compare,
Which daily 'round ev'ry farm arise,—
The song of birds, and the hound's deep bay,
The cattle's low, and the lab'rer's call
From distant hill, which is answered back
In multitudinous laughs and shouts?”

Just then the door, with a noiseless hand,
Was pushed ajar, and there glided in
A being wondrously sweet and fair,—
As lovely she as the blush of morn,
With eyes as soft as the dew of eve,
And form as flexile as willow wand :
Across the hall with a dainty step,
She made her way to the organ, whence
Ere long was heard, in the sweetest strains,—
Now soft as notes of a harp of pines,—
Now weird as tones of a mountain-sprite,—
A song, which thrilled the old man. He sat
Like one entranced till the music ceased ;
And all about, with bewildered air,
He gazed, and smiled, and, then pond'ring, said :

“There’s grace, and beauty, and music too,
Far—far ahead of the ones, which I
Have talked so warmly about to you;—
To make the farm then complete throughout,
You should have these in the house, my boys!”

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THEODORIC BURNSIDE.

THEODORIC BURNSIDE.

An Alabama Tale.

CHAPTER I.

One woman is fair; yet I am well; another is wise; yet I am well; another virtuous; yet I am well; but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace.

SHAKSPEARE.

Theodoric Burnside, at the time he is here introduced to the reader,—187 ,—was about forty years of age, and a bachelor. It is not known that he was ever the hero of a song; though he has often been heard to say that as “The Brookside” had been made such, he could see no reason why The. Burnside should not have received a like honor. This much, at any rate, can be said of him with certainty, in this regard,—if he never was the hero of a song, he ought to have been of a dozen. He was small, and compactly built, with a good-looking, spirited and pleasant face, and was gifted with the buoyant feelings and active person of a much younger man. An old bachelor, he attributed his sleek appearance to the free-

dom, contentment and unchecked flow of animal spirits growing out of that fact. He had traveled some, seen much and heard more; and what was better still, had profited by all. A man of abundant resources,—“full of gibes, gambols, music and flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar,”—when he did not have a story on hand, regularly fixed up, to meet a request, he could easily manufacture one for any party of friends, whom he was desirous of entertaining. With all his simplicity and geniality, however,—being a man of fine business capacity, business tendencies and business habits,—he was generally successful in his financial operations, at a time when most of his neighbors and friends were the reverse.

He resided, as every Southern planter ought to do, upon his plantation,—which, in compliment, it is supposed, to his state of single-blessedness, and his determination to remain therein, he had named “Singleton.” The plantation was one of considerable size and excellent quality, lying along the eastern bank of the Alabama river, between the cities of Mobile and Selma. The dwelling was small,—unornamented, except by the flowers and vines that surrounded it,—was built of brick, and stood upon a high, wooded knoll, overlooking all his broad and cultivated acres, on one side, and the placidly moving current of the beautiful river, on the other. It was the frequent resort of all the boys and girls of the neighborhood; and these were by no means scant in number, for the

residences of several other planters, with large families, were within easy reach of it. His house and grounds were always open to his friends, as he called the young folks, and he was ever ready to entertain them;—they came, however,—at any rate, this was true of the boys,—not so much to enjoy his unforced and unstinted hospitality, and the wisdom seasoned with anecdote, which formed the staple of his conversation,—as to exchange glances and words with a lively, singing, tripping and laughing fairy, who was his niece and little housekeeper. May Burnside had been received,—an orphan of but a few days,—upon his plantation, soon after he took possession of it at the close of the war. She had been, in her earlier days, a regular hoyden, and was still accustomed to do, under the favoring eyes of her affectionate and easy-tempered uncle, pretty much as she pleased. Her favorite amusements, in the beginning of her plantation life, were romping about the woods, climbing trees, jumping fences, riding wild horses and breaking the hearts of the boys,—all of which was perfectly natural to her, and, of course, could not be helped. She was eighteen now; and the last two or three years had subdued her manners to the decorousness befitting young womanhood, although they were powerless to weaken the exuberant spirit of fun and frolic that lurked in her heart, as was evidenced by the ever-dancing brilliancy of her large gray eyes, and the ever-playing dimples upon her well-rounded cheek, and about her gently-swelling

lips. The boys, however, were wasting their time in worshipping at the shrine of her beauty and virtue, as she had given her heart and promised her hand to Harry Welborne, the only son of a widow, whose plantation, farther up the river, adjoined Singleton. Harry was a handsome young fellow, passably well educated, of good principles, though somewhat headstrong from the easy training of a fond and indulgent mother, and was as full of mischief as May, with no disposition, like her, to curb its exercise. The widow Welborne,—Harry's mother,—lost her husband by the fall of his horse in a fox-chase, before the days of their honeymoon were ended. In spite of the number of suitors for her favor and hand since her sad bereavement,—and there had been scores of them,—for she was possessed of every attraction,—youth, beauty, virtue, intelligence and wealth,—she had remained a widow now for more than twenty years. Her mourning weeds had never been laid aside; and she always said, when she alluded to the subject at all, that no one should ever supply the place in her heart made vacant by the death of her young husband, and that it was wholly consecrated to his memory. The only unmarried man, whom she was accustomed to see upon the footing of a familiar acquaintance,—he indeed was a valued and trusted friend,—was Theodoric Burnside. Of late they had been drawn much more closely and intimately together by the engagement of Harry and May.

Burnside and Harry were congenial spirits and

devoted friends. The former was never so happy, as when he had the other by his side, either at home, upon a fishing excursion, or in the fields, listening to his glowing descriptions of the pleasures of old bachelorhood, and his good-humored railings at woman and marriage,—the young dog generally chiming in with them enthusiastically, telling anecdotes illustrative of their correctness, and laughing approvingly,—and always winding up with the statement: “If there never had been a May Burnside, I am sure, uncle The., I would feel and act exactly as you do.”

CHAPTER II.

Now the wasted brands do glow,
While the screech-owl sounding loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves all gaping wide,
Every one lets out its sprite
In the church-way paths to glide.

SHAKESPEARE.

On one occasion, when Burnside had been rather more pleasantly and humorously noisy than usual in his anti-nuptial railings, Harry asked:

“Uncle The.!—were you never in love?”

“Yes,” replied the old bachelor;—“twice, and desperately. Let me tell you how it was, Harry,” continued he with a sly twinkle of the eye. “If you will remind me, I will make you acquainted with my second, and last love-adventure, at some future day.”

BURNSIDE’S FIRST LOVE.

It was a little nameless watering-place among the mountains—never visited by, indeed scarcely known to, the fashionable part of the world closest to it. Quiet, sequestered, and picturesque in itself and in all of its surroundings, it was certainly the most delight-

ful spot I have ever seen. The post-road, from a city about a day's journey below, to a village a short distance above, ran within six or eight miles of The Spring. It was reached by a way that assumed an appearance of wildness and utter seclusion almost as soon as it branched off from the broader thoroughfare,—leading, as it did, up a narrow valley made by a range of mountains on one side, and a succession of high, rocky hills on the other, through which a transparent brook brawled over pebbles, fretted around huge boulders, or peacefully glided, in a smooth and glassy current over ledges as level as a floor, edged with miniature water-falls. The road curved with the meanderings of the stream,—was sometimes on one of its banks,—sometimes on the other,—and not unfrequently it wound along its shallow bed. At the point, where the valley opened, and included within its sweep a few hundred acres of arable land, in a high state of cultivation, a spring of fine chalybeate water, cool enough to need no ice, and copious enough to supply an ordinary mill, gushed from the rocks at the base of a lofty peak, isolated, and shaped like a cone. The homestead of an opulent farmer, which was sufficiently capacious to accommodate all who were led to visit this out-of-the-way place, fronted the peak and spring, and was divided from them by a small plat of level land, green with grass, which was kept so well cropped by the herds of fat cattle that roamed through the valley, as to resemble a thick carpet of velvet moss. The building was of brick and sat in a cluster of oak trees.

It was in the year 1845, that a party of wild and frolicsome students from the university located near the city before mentioned, spent here their summer vacation. The oldest of them was not far from twenty-five, and the youngest, which was myself, scarcely fifteen. To say that they enjoyed their holiday,—their unforced rustication in this lovely place,—gives but a faint idea of the exhilaration of feeling, with which each day was hailed, and its hours passed. To youth there was food for pleasure scattered all around. In the deep and whirling eddies of the stream, and under the roots, which, descending from the shelving banks, were knotted and twisted upon the surface of the water, lurked hundreds of mountain trout, that could only be taken by such care and caution, as gave ten-fold zest to the sport, and additional flavor to the fish, when served up for the evening meal. Now and then deer could be seen down the little valley, drinking from the stream, or leaping away between the trees; and hardly a week passed without one or more falling before the rifles of some of the party, and scarcely a day without a haunch of venison gracing our table. Pheasants, too, which could be heard about sunset, in every direction, drumming upon the logs, with their sinewy wings, were occasionally added to our rich country bill of fare.

At the time, there were no railroads through the section, of which I speak,—and consequently no silks and broad-cloths, but plenty of genuine substantial homespun,—no highly-spiced dishes, but plenty of

home-raised ham, fowls, eggs and fruits,—no starvation, with board at three dollars a day, but abundance with board at one dollar and a half per week,—in short, nothing suggestive of Paris, but much suggestive of Eden.

The company at The Spring, in addition to the students, was made up of a militia General,—a tall, white-haired old gentleman, whose solemn countenance seemed never to have been brightened by a smile; a burly, well-to-do farmer, who was a kind of protege of the old General; and two or three lively young ladies. Romantic, verdant and impressible, it did not take me long to conclude that one of these damsels was the very queen of loveliness. She was above the medium height, slender in shape, graceful in movement, with a pale face, blue eyes, flaxen hair, delicate features, and,—I say it with hesitation,—not more than twenty-five years old. Although her age scarcely doubled mine,—and I consequently thought her, at the time, a shade too young,—I, pretty soon after my arrival, let go every hold upon prudence and safety, and tumbled into love. Boy-like my affection soon became a species of worship. To me her every smile was light,—her every motion beauty,—her every tone music—from heaven. I loved the very grass over which she so daintily walked; and the flowers that she plucked and carelessly threw aside, I treasured as something better than diamonds. I looked through the poets for beautiful descriptions of female charms to quote and apply to her. I recollect now

some of the passages, which were my favorites for the purpose.

One was from Wordsworth :

“A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye,
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.”

Another, I think, was from old Herbert :

“Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale, when May is past,
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.”

And still another was from Prentice. This last suited me exactly. It was as gushing, as I, or any youthful lover, could desire :

“I love thee!—oh, I love thee!
There's naught in the bright blue sky—
No lovely thing of earth but brings
Thy sweet form to my eye.
I love thee!—and there's not a sound,—
A note to my spirit dear,—
A breath from nature's lip but gives
Thy voice to my ravished ear.”

I soon saw that the well-to-do farmer was in love with her too,—but he was much too old for her,—having seen full thirty years, if a day. Despite his age, however, he was by no means bad looking;—even in my depreciating eyes, he appeared a robust, manly, bright-faced fellow. She showed very unmistakably

that she did not fancy him. She avoided him—especially in company,—slighted him,—would often refuse to dance or walk with him, and then would dance two or three sets with me in quick succession, or take a stroll with me along some of the beautiful and retired paths radiating from The Spring. She would let me take her soft hand, too, and press it; and once she permitted me, in assisting her over a branch, which she could easily have stepped across, to put my adventurous arm about her taper waist.

The General and his protege, the well-to-do farmer, I saw, were in much trouble, as they frequently held long and anxious conferences together. The old officer about this time sought opportunities of talking with me. He had in his hand one day when we met, Bulwer's *Strange Story*, and asked me if I had ever read it. I replied, yes,—and that I thought it a wonderful book. The conversation very naturally passed from the novel to spiritualism. He expressed himself as being a firm believer in ghosts, and desired to know what were my views on the subject. Now, I had unfortunately, when a small boy, been a ready and greedy listener to the talk of negroes around their cabin fires at night, on my father's place. Their marvellous stories on such occasions had developed in me a broad vein of superstition. While, therefore, I answered that I did not believe in ghosts at all, I, no doubt, did it in such way as led him to conjecture that I had no wish to meet with anything that looked like one. An evening or two subsequent to this conver-

sation, we were all sitting around a fire in the large hall of our boarding-house, when the General gravely remarked that about twelve o'clock the night before, he had seen, from the window of his room, a woman in white cross the green in front of the mansion, and disappear among the trees on the opposite side. Many questions were asked by the party, but nothing further could be elicited from the taciturn old gentleman. The following evening he repeated the story to the company, with the additional circumstance, that the woman in white, when she was under his window had looked up, and the moon which was at its full, shone upon the face of one, who had formerly resided in the immediate vicinity, but had long been in her grave. His story, so solemnly and deliberately told, produced among the ladies visible marks of trepidation, and even caused grave and serious expressions to rest upon the faces of the men. Just before sunset, on an evening perhaps ten days after this occurrence, one of the oldest of the students—a full grown man—asked me to take a walk with him. We selected a pathway,—thickly lined, on either side, with undergrowth,—and which, generally level and sandy, now and then, passed through deep, shady glens, watered by little streams, that flowed from the surrounding hills. The shadows of a clear but moonless night were beginning to settle upon the landscape, when we commenced to retrace our steps. We had proceeded but a short distance in the direction of The Spring, when there rung out upon the air, just ahead of us, and a little to the

left of the way, a piercing shriek, ending in a sort of quavering groan—something between the scream of a panther and the cry of a screech-owl. My companion, whom I, at the time, had by the arm, seemed to be in an ecstasy of fear;—he was shivering in every fibre of his stalwart frame, as he exclaimed: “What on earth can it be?” Not being able to answer, I said nothing, but strode resolutely forward. Descending into one of those shadowy glens before alluded to, which was now extremely dark, and reaching the little stream, he jerked out, in a horrified voice: “Look there!”—and with a yell, like the scream of a locomotive, sprang away in the darkness, shouting at every jump—“murder—thieves—fire—ghosts—save me—save me—oh Lord—oh Lord!” Looking down the open way made by the stream, I saw something white, waving its arms, and standing apparently on the ground, while its head was at least two or three feet above the bushes in its neighborhood. It occurred to me, even then, that this undergrowth was not less than two yards in height, and consequently that the altitude of the frightful figure could scarcely be short of eight or nine feet. I now waited no further question, or no further calculation rather, but dashed after my comrade, who was so far in advance of me, that the sound of his rapid foot-strokes, and his energetic cries, could but faintly be heard. Being young, vigorous, fleet, and impelled by the fear of what was behind, I fairly devoured the ground, and in a marvellously short time, reached The Spring out of breath, but full of the spirit which I had seen.

When morning came I sought the spot from which I had hurried so recklessly the previous evening, and found, exactly where the supposed apparition had stood, a large stump, just three feet and a half high. Upon this, as a pedestal, I knew that the person who frightened me, had perched himself. At once it dawned upon my mind that I had been the victim of a conspiracy,—the parties to which, I felt sure, were the General, the well-to-do farmer, and my companion in the evening's walk. I returned to The Spring a sadder and a wiser boy. As I crossed the hall, I passed my lady-love, talking with one of her female friends, and heard her say, as she meaningly looked toward me: "Poor child!—he ought to go home to his mother." I knew then she was lost to me! She married, I subsequently learned, the well-to-do farmer, whom, of course, she was in love with, and, no doubt, engaged to, all the time she was receiving my foolishly fond attentions, and became the joyful mother of many children.

CHAPTER III.

If it prove so then loving goes by haps,
Some Cupid kills with arrows—some with traps.

SHAKSPEARE.

“May,” said Harry, as they were standing under a wide-spreading oak, upon the bank of the river at Singleton, “I have an idea.”

“Wonderful,” replied May. “Let us have it by all means. That commodity over your way,” glancing at him with her bright eyes, “is too scarce to be neglected.”

“I have been thinking seriously of bringing about a marriage between Uncle The. and mother; and I want you to help me.”

“Well, that is an idea,—one that could only have arisen in your mad brain. Help you indeed! I shall be guilty of no such folly.”

“But, May, I am in earnest. Mother and Uncle The., I am sure, have a sneaking kindness for each other. They don’t know it, though. Only a little management on our part is necessary to induce them to acknowledge it first to themselves, and then to one another.”

“Now, Harry,” said May, “you have jumped to

that conclusion. It is perfectly absurd. I have not seen the least trace of a marrying humor about uncle, and certainly none about your mother. If I had been called upon to point out two persons in all the world, to whom the thought, in connection with themselves, of matrimony, never occurred, I should have directed my finger at them. It will not do for you to attempt what you suggest. The result will be a failure, and might be a very painful one to others beside yourself."

"Nonsense!" observed Harry. "Uncle The., in the face of all his big talk about the independence of and delights of bachelor-life, is tired of it. He loves mother; I am sure of that; and I am equally sure that she more than esteems him. They just don't know it—that's all. But with your assistance," added he coaxingly, "I will enlighten them, and do it very soon too."

"But, Harry!—" remonstrated the more prudent May.

"Hush,"—said Harry, with a formidable frown, and an imperious wave of the hand,—“hush!—my mind is made up; and it is your duty to obey me,—at any rate,” continued he, with mock-gravity, “you ought to do so now, that the good and peace-begetting habit may be formed, and obedience come naturally and easily to you after awhile—you know! I will give mother a talk on the subject at once. Never fear!—it will come out all right.” And the head-

strong boy, shutting out from his mind all scruples, prudential and otherwise, took his leave.

That afternoon, seated with his mother at home, he commenced his approaches. He did so cautiously and scientifically, but, at the same time, mercilessly.

"Mother," said the hypocritical scamp, "it will not be long before May and I will be married, and you will have a daughter,—two children to minister to your comfort and happiness instead of one."

"Yes, Harry;—the presence of May in the house, of itself, would be pleasant, but the knowledge of your joy in connection with it, will make it infinitely more so."

"Don't you think, mother, Uncle The. will be very lonely after May leaves him? She has been so long the light of his dreary old bachelor-hearth. Like you, he will, it is true, have two children, where he now has but one, for he shall be to me a father, as he has ever been to May; but, unlike you, he will have neither of them at his home."

"Yes," responded the widow sadly, "he will greatly miss May—and, no doubt, he will be very lonely. But we cannot always have those we wish around us. We must learn to enjoy the comforts we have, without repining for those that are withheld."

"Mother," said Harry, softly and insidiously, "what do you think of Uncle The.? I know you like him—I don't mean for you to tell me that; but what sort of a man is he, in your opinion?"

"If it will be any consolation to you," said the un-

suspecting widow, gently, "in marrying his niece, I will say that I regard him as being one of the noblest and purest men I have ever met."

"It's a consolation to me in another respect. I am rejoiced that you esteem him so highly,—for, mother, let me whisper it in your ear," said Harry, leaning toward her,—“Uncle The. loves you!”

"Loves me! Oh, Harry!—you are dreaming;—and—and, you ought not to say so,—and—and, it ought not to be so,—and—and, it must not—cannot be so,"—answered the widow, sobbing, and finally bursting into tears.

Harry was aghast at the effects of his disclosure; but he had gone too far to recede;—so though somewhat frightened, and considerably moved, he pressed resolutely ahead.

"It is the truth, mother;—and," said he, earnestly, "he is the only man living that I would be willing to see your husband,—to see occupy my father's place. I would say that, even if I were not going to marry May." And the perfidious boy arose, and put his arm affectionately around his mother's neck.

Harry said nothing more then. He saw before many hours had passed that his words had made a deep impression upon his mother, and he ever imagined that she frequently turned the thoughts, suggested by them over in her mind, and sometimes with no unpleasant feelings.

—In the prosecution of this nefarious conspiracy against the expressed predilections for blessed-single-

ness, on the part of two such near and dear relatives, Harry called to see his betrothed a few days subsequent to the foregoing conversation.

"It is all right, May," exclaimed he, exultingly, as soon as he kissed her, and thereupon he proceeded immediately to kiss her again. "Mother does love Uncle The. a little. Now you can tell him so, without any misgivings upon the score of truthfulness,—and we will have him all right too."

—Before a week had elapsed the talk of these two young madcaps had led the uncle and mother to believe that each was almost, if not quite, dying of love for the other.

CHAPTER IV.

What men dare, I dare:
Approach then like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,
Take any shape but this, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble. *. Hence horrible shadow.

SHAKESPEARE.

"Uncle The.," said Harry, "you promised me, several days ago, an account of your second love-scrape. Let me hear it now—please."

"Very well," replied Burnside, "provided you and May will keep your galloping tongues still while I am talking."

BURNSIDE'S SECOND LOVE.

In the year 1858, I was a leading merchant of a small village in the lower part of Alabama; perhaps if I were to say that I was the only merchant the meaning of the former epithet would not be misunderstood. It was one of those lazy little places, which are frequently seen to spring suddenly up at the crossing of public thoroughfares, but which never become sufficiently important to secure a place on the map. One or two intermediate roads, however, centred here, which added somewhat to the life and

business of the place. Along these highways and byways, at greater or shorter intervals,—principally the former!—were built the dwellings of the humble villagers,—so that to one standing at the public pump, in the centre of the crossing, these houses appeared to have straggled off into the country.

The principal citizen of the neighborhood,—a most unlovable old character,—was named Wirt Hurlson. His tall, meager person was generally clad in a suit of rusty black, while a weather-beaten, broad-brimmed hat flapped above grizzled locks, that were always unkempt, a hooked nose, that was constantly besmeared with snuff, and a pair of thin lips that were seldom without a sneer. He was an infidel, outspoken and defiant, and a miser, close and grasping. He would fasten upon a penny with the unyielding, death-like clutch of a Trapbois, and scoff at religion with the venom and boldness of a Voltaire,—his face, at the same time, wearing the sardonic grin of a Mephistopheles. A devout worshiper of Tom Paine,—he read the Age of Reason as regularly, and regarded its teachings as reverentially, as a Mahommedan does those of the Koran. He had the largest and best farm; the finest and fattest horses and cattle; the roughest and dingiest old house, and the brightest and prettiest daughter of any one within ten miles around. Kate Hurlson was indeed a little beauty; and she had the reputation of being as lovely in mind and heart as she was in person. She idolized her hard-hearted, hard-headed and hard-featured old

father; and he trusted and loved her, if he trusted and loved nothing else.

I have said that he lived in an unsightly old house. It was a large, rambling, crazy-looking structure, crowning a hill, which overlooked the village. Although a spot, by no means, inviting in appearance to the ordinary observer, yet such were its attractions to me, that every Sunday afternoon, and many an evening between, found me seated in its scantily furnished parlor. The cheerlessness of the room was always relieved by a bright fire when the weather was cool, by flowers tastefully arranged and placed upon shelves and tables, and, more than all, by the presence of the genial and winsome Kate.

I had begun to think my chances to get her in possession, at once, with a round fortune, in futuro, pretty good,—when the prospect of obtaining both, at the same time, was unexpectedly presented to me. A paralytic stroke prostrated Wirt Hurlson, and in a few days, he was no more. He died, as he had lived,—in short, as far as the future was concerned, he died, like Bothwell in *Old Mortality*,—"hoping nothing, believing nothing and fearing nothing!"

The night before the burial, I sat up with the corpse,—a young physician, and my assistant in the store, were with me. The body was laid out in the chamber, which had been occupied by the old man during life, and which was, if possible, more dilapidated and ill-furnished than any other part of the old mansion. Placed upon a board between two chairs,

with a sheet thrown over them, which was dimly white and gently waving in the dark corner,—for the light of a single tallow candle upon the mantel, left the larger part of the room in deep shadow,—it presented to the eye a picture by no means suggestive of pleasant reflections. The weather was wild and stormy; and the wind sighed and moaned and howled around the corners, through the cracks and crannies and along the deserted passages of the old mansion, in a manner somewhat trying to nerves not made of steel. We were shivering about midnight over a ghost of a fire, when my clerk suggested, that, if I wished, he would go down to the store for cigars, brandy and other refreshments, to enable us to pass the night less uncomfortably. I assented;—and the young physician offered to accompany him. Although I did not like to be left alone, under the circumstances,—for, as I have elsewhere said, I was not above the control of superstitious feelings,—I had too much pride to object;—and they started off. Hardly had they left the house,—indeed the echo of their footsteps was still ringing in the long passages,—when I was startled by a shrill scream behind me. I sprang from my chair, and beheld, as I turned around, two eyes, gleaming like balls of fire in the blackness of an open window. They were rolling and snapping;—and at every motion, they seemed to scintillate and emit streams of lurid light. The first thought,—the only thought,—that flashed across my brain, was, that the Evil One, having obtained the

soul of old Hurlson, had come for his body. I stood motionless, with my hands grasping the back of the chair, from which I had arisen,—as incapable of moving, for the time, as a statue of marble, and with scarcely more feeling in my body. There was another fearful scream at the window, and a black body bounded, with the elasticity of an india-rubber ball, across the room, and alighted with a tearing, rasping sound upon the sheet. The blood, like liquid fire, at once surged through my veins, and raising the chair, I hurled it, with all my force, at the struggling mass in the corner, which brought the whole with a crash to the floor;—whereupon I tumbled headlong down the stairs, and headlong from the house. Before getting out of the yard, I met the two young men. They had heard the uproar, and were hurrying back to ascertain the cause. I told them hastily that Satan had come in person and flown away with the body of the deceased, and continued on my way home,—having not the slightest wish to revisit the scene of his diabolical work.

I heard the next day, that an immense black cat was found, with its head crushed, lying by the side of the corpse, under a fragment of my broken chair. Mortified, as well as shocked, I remained closely at the store for some time, attending to my business,—and I told the boys to say nothing to me whatever on the subject. Having a regard for the soundness of their bones, they strictly heeded me. A week or two afterwards I met Kate Hurlson upon the street:

the blood of her father, whom I had so stigmatized, swelled up within her, I suppose,—as she turned her head away indignantly, and refused to speak to me. And so I lost my last love!

CHAPTER V.

Aye, the place may be innocent,
But to me it looks murderous.

THE CAPTIVE.

The season had arrived for Burnside's annual feast to his freedmen. The day before that grand event in plantation life, he called with May, upon the widow to request her attendance. Harry was at home with his mother. They were sitting on the veranda enjoying the delightful breeze from the river, when some remark was made about a shocking murder and robbery, which had recently occurred in one of the lower counties. Burnside said that it suggested to him a most perilous adventure of his younger days. Upon the urgent request of the widow, with a quizzical look at Harry, he recounted the story of

THE OLD HOUSE BY THE RIVER.

It was a sunny evening in June, about the year 1850. I had just graduated, and was waiting for the departure of the steamer,—which, after a trip of about five hundred miles down the river, would, barring accidents, land me within a few miles of my home. In rambling about the streets of the city, enjoying my

newly-acquired freedom, and my newly-discovered manhood,—I fancied I had found the latter, just as I secured the former,—with the diploma handed me by the president of the college,—I chanced to meet a gentleman, named Williams, from my native town, who was an agent of the government, and who expected to return by the same boat, upon which I had engaged passage. He was forced, however, as he told me, to take a stage-coach running to a small village, about twenty-five miles below ;—and from thence he expected to make his way, about fifteen miles farther across the country, to a landing on the river, where the captain of the steamer had promised to stop and take him up. As the distance by water to the landing was two or three times as great as that by land, and as the steamer would not leave until the following afternoon, he had plenty of time, to go by way of the village, attend to his business, which was to get from a state-bank, located in that secluded place, gold or silver to the amount of several thousand dollars, upon drafts belonging to the government. He requested me to accompany him. Ready for anything that promised adventure, I at once consented ;—and, in a few hours,—just as the sun was setting behind the mountains, which environed this rugged, but most picturesque of southern cities,—we were in the coach, and away.

The next morning, Williams, after having had the money put up in six boxes, each containing one thousand silver dollars,—gold being more portable would

have been preferred under the circumstances—but it could not be had,—undertook to provide a conveyance to the river. Whether it was because of a camp-meeting, or some other popular gathering of the people, in the vicinity, is not now recollected,—but no sort of vehicle could be hired at a public stable, or obtained from any of the citizens of the place. At last the negro, whom we had employed as a driver, and who had been recommended to us by the president of the bank, as a person perfectly trustworthy, told Williams of an old carriage, which had been standing unused under a shelter in the suburbs of the village for years, which perhaps might do, and could certainly be had. It was an awful-looking affair—one of those old-fashioned carriages, with wheels large and body high-swung, in which our grand-mothers were accustomed to ride. The paint upon its well-rounded and plethoric sides had become the color of ashes, and the shreds of its trimmings and curtains fluttered in the breeze like the dirty rags of the lowest beggar in the streets. Williams saw he had to take it, or nothing,—and, after many misgivings, he determined, in the crazy vehicle, loaded with three full-grown men and six thousand dollars in silver,—to risk a journey of fifteen miles over a road, rough and broken, and what was worse, in the event of an accident, solitary and unfrequented. But the old carriage was not so bad, as it looked;—it had been built when good work was done, and good material used—and, during its latter years, having been kept well-housed, it was sound and

strong. At any rate, by the aid of two mules, with improvised harness, largely made up of rope,—it carried us safely, over the roughness of a dreary road, and through the gloom of a wet and cloudy evening, after a comfortless ride of about five hours, to our journey's end. We reached the Landing just before night-fall. It was a long and broad reach of sand, washed on one side by the river, and shut in on the other by high mountains. We drove up to a solitary house not far from the water's edge, where we expected to get accommodations, for the night. It was an old frame building—long-bodied, and two-storied—which had never been painted, and had that dull and sullen color, which such houses always wear, and which never fails to produce a sensation of utter desolation in the mind of the beholder, especially, when it is joined with other marks of decay. The chimney-tops at either end were rough and ragged from the loss of brick,—and the roof had sunk in the centre, until it seemed that the weight of any bird, which might have the hardihood to settle there, would be sufficient to bring it down in ruins upon the heads of its inmates. There were no shutters to the doors, and all of its numerous windows, without blinds or sash, glared down, hollow-eyed and ghastly, upon the few dwarfed and sickly trees, which were pretending to grow in the desert-like yard beneath them.

A man showed himself in response to our call, and informed us we could stay all night if we wished, but that he could give us nothing to eat. While we were

talking with him, a young fellow rushed out, and, catching from the hands of the negro, one of the boxes, which he was removing from the carriage, he exclaimed, as he dashed it to the ground, making it jingle with that music peculiar to coin,—“Mighty heavy—what is it?” Williams, taken aback by the abruptness of the action and the question, hesitated and stammered, but immediately recovering himself, he said impressively, and with an air of considerable importance,—that the boxes contained a new sort of nail, which had just been patented—a statement that would hardly have been received as truth by any but very ignorant and simple-minded persons. The two men returned to the house; and the driver carried, and piled the money under the bed, which was pointed out as our sleeping-place for the night. Before mounting again to his seat upon the carriage,—for he said he was going immediately back home,—he whispered to us, that we had better keep a sharp look-out. Williams tried to get a light, but found that lamps or candles, like bread and meat, were luxuries, which that house did not afford. So we had to throw ourselves, lightless and supperless, across the hard bed,—the man, who had so impudently interfered with our load, occupying a pallet on the opposite side of the same room. This man was evidently very much excited—perhaps, thought I, by the weight and ringing contents of the boxes. He attempted to talk to us upon general topics,—but like one whose mind is engrossed with some great and overwhelming idea, he frequently

made remarks foreign to the subject of conversation, and gave irrelevant answers to plain questions. Nothing had been said by any of us for more than an hour, when he slipped noiselessly from the room, and was absent for several minutes. Upon his return he remained but a little while, when he again went out, and was gone for a still longer time. Williams asked me if I had a weapon. I told him only a pocket-knife. He said that he had brought in from the yard a heavy bludgeon, which, from the indications, he supposed we would need before morning. About this time, I fell into a deep sleep. How long I continued in it, I am unable to say—perhaps four or five hours. I was awakened by Williams. “They are coming!” said he hurriedly and excitedly. I looked out into the darkness. My eyes for the time being were perfectly useless—as in the room there was not the faintest trace of light. A rain was being gently sifted from the clouds, while a stiff breeze was humming ghostly songs all through the old house. “Who are coming?” asked I. “The thieves—we are in a den of robbers”—he whispered breathlessly:—“Listen!” I did so, and heard an indistinct muttering just outside of where I supposed the back-door to be—as of men whispering together. Immediately after I could hear cat-like steps over the floor. I held my knife open in my hand, as I raised myself from the bed. Just at this critical moment was heard the deep-toned scream of the steamer, as it rounded a bend in the river, a short distance above the landing. To me no music could

have sounded more deliciously ; and the furnace-fires, as they glared from the deep blackness behind, and shot a broad stream of red light far down the dark waters, made up, under the circumstances, the most beautiful picture upon which my eyes had ever rested. In a few minutes the agent, with his treasure, and myself had left the old house, and were standing at the river's edge. The clouds were drifting slowly away, and day was beginning to dawn, clear and bright, when we found ourselves safely aboard the boat, and gliding swiftly upon the smooth current of the stream in the direction of home.

Seated on the deck, soon after breakfast, Williams was detailing to a small knot of interested and attentive listeners, the events of the night,—having prefaced the statement with the remark, that, by the opportune arrival of the boat, he had certainly escaped the clutches of a desperate band of robbers. An old gentleman, with a bright eye and a quizzical expression of countenance, was one of the party. Before Williams had reached the exciting portion of his narrative, the old man interrupted him by observing :—“The person who occupied the room with you, talked rather wildly—didn't he?” “Yes,” replied Williams looking up in some astonishment. “He got up, and went out of the room several times during the night—didn't he?” “Yes,”—responded the still more surprised Williams. “While he was out you heard much strange whispering—didn't you?” “Yes,” answered now the astounded Williams. “Well,” said the old

man, "I spent a night there last week myself, and *that* was what occurred to me. I had no money, and consequently felt no great uneasiness. Upon enquiry the next morning I discovered that my singular, restless and whispering room-mate was—insane!" A laugh greeted the explanation of the bright-eyed old gentleman,—from which explanation it appeared, that a poor fellow, half starved and less than half witted, made up the vast crowd of thieves and assassin, who had been supposed to skulk at midnight about the doorways of the Old House by the River."

CHAPTER VI.

The homes of Alabama,
How beautiful they rise,
Throughout her queenly forest realm,
Beneath her smiling skies!
The richest odors fill the breeze,
Her valleys teem with wealth,
And the homes of Alabama
Are the rosy homes of health.

A. B. MEEK.

Harry and his mother, with a party of the neighbors, among whom was a large sprinkling of young men and young ladies, boys and girls, had assembled at Singleton, on the morning of the important occasion, to which reference was had in the last chapter. The day was fine, and the crops on the place all having been laid by clean, the negroes, in their holiday attire, were bustling about the grounds, or collected in groups around the pit-fires in the grove, where the cooking was going on, and the tables spread. Among them smiles were universal, laughs plentiful, and dancing by no means wanting. Burnside, Harry, a Bostonian, who had come over at the request of a neighbor, and two or three other gentlemen, were seated, under the trees in front of the house, regaling themselves with pipes and tobacco.

"Uncle The.," said Harry, "I understood that you at first thought of giving this jollification last week. What made you postpone it?"

"Old Cæsar, my leader, told me, when I consulted him on the subject, that the funeral of a still-born child would take place at Wilson's, some six miles up the river, on the same day that I had selected for the barbecue, and consequently that it wouldn't do. He said that as much as the negro loved barbecue, he loved funeral more,—and that the greater part of my people, dinner or no dinner, would be off to Wilson's that morning by break of day. They would do so, Cæsar went on to say, without conferring with me, as I had made the occasion a holiday by previous appointment. It is a singular fact that the negro takes as deep an interest in the funeral of one of his color, no matter whether he has ever seen the deceased or not, as that with which the most violent partisan regards a gathering of his party-friends in a heated political contest. They will neglect one of their brethren when sick, and yet pay him the most elaborate honors when dead."

"Your freedmen," remarked the Bostonian, addressing Burnside, "seem to be the happiest and most prosperous lot of negroes in this vicinity. How happens it?"

"You ought not to judge of them from their appearance and conduct now. Of course you see the best side of them to-day. I must say, however, that they are generally in good spirits and good condition.

I suppose it is because I work them in such way, as to show them that the plantation belongs to me, and all that is made on it."

"I should think," responded the other, courteously, "that you could take no step more likely to make them dissatisfied."

"Oh, no! In doing this,—I feed them myself, and they have plenty to eat,—I clothe them myself, and they have plenty to wear,—I pay them standing wages, and, at the end of the year, all of them have money. The planters hereabouts generally work upon a different plan:—they allow their freedmen, who feed and clothe themselves, parts of the crops, or rent to them;—in such cases, the negro almost always fares hard, and seldom has any money at Christmas, and his employer, it may also be said, has but little more. The great overshadowing vice of the negro is thriftlessness. He never looks beyond the enjoyment of the present moment. Every step of his remove from the white planter gives additional room for the exercise of this vice. When working for standing wages he is immediately under the eye and control of his employer, and generally does well,—working for parts of the crop, he is farther off,—and renting, yet more so,—and here, especially in the last instance, his thriftlessness is fully exemplified in the wreck of improvements, carelessness of cultivation, and the utter want of every provision for future contingencies. Why,—I have seen many a negro, who did not own five bushels of corn, with which to feed his

family, and unable to obtain provisions, except upon the surety of his employer, and then only at ruinous prices, barter the last grain to a merchant for beads, ribbons and candy. And such instances are by no means rare. They are sufficiently frequent to enable one to pronounce them the rule. Of course there are exceptions. Should the time come," continued Burnside, after a pause,—“and it now seems probable, when Southern planters shall be forced to divide their places, and rent out to freedmen, then the time has arrived for a change of labor at the South.”

Just then came floating through the green branches of the trees—gently—softly—the opening notes of a song from the crowd of negroes circled about the fires and tables of the barbecue. Now, a single voice strong and shrill—higher and higher it rose until wild and spirit-like it seemed lost in the clouds,—and then followed the deep diaphason swell, as scores of voices joined in the chorus, making the woods resound with a melody unequalled by that of the grandest organ in the grandest cathedral of continental Europe.

It was a signal, and announced that the feast was ready. The party of whites at the house, headed by Burnside and the widow, proceeded at once to the spot. The negroes were ranged around the tables, vigorously singing, led by old Cæsar, who had placed himself at the head of the principal one, about one-third of which at the other end was kept vacant for the accommodation of the whites. The tables were

covered all over with barbecued pigs and lambs, chicken-pies and other substantial and tempting viands. When Burnside had taken his position, immediately fronting old Caesar, with his company around him, the latter, pouring into a glass whiskey enough to make an ordinary head buz, from a huge jug at his right hand, said: "Every nigger will find his dram in de cup by his plate." Then raising his voice and his glass, he continued: "Here's to Mars. The. Burnside--de boss ob dis plantation. He always burns wid truth, and sides wid de right. As General Lee once 'jaculated, 'Long may he wade'--yes, long may he wade through de muddy troubles of dis world--wid his head high 'bove water."

"Wade!--it's wave, Uncle Caesar," shouted one of the negroes, who had been in the war. "General Jeb. Stuart said dat, in s'luting his battle-flag, when he could have taken Washington, but wouldn't, 'cause he was 'fraid de rascality ob de place would swamp de Southern Confederacy."

"Yes," exclaimed little Billy, at the side of the table,--his black face shining and his eyes rolling,--"dat's it--I heard Mars. Bob say it many time when he got back from de army,--Long may he wabe! General Stuart, I guess, learn it from him."

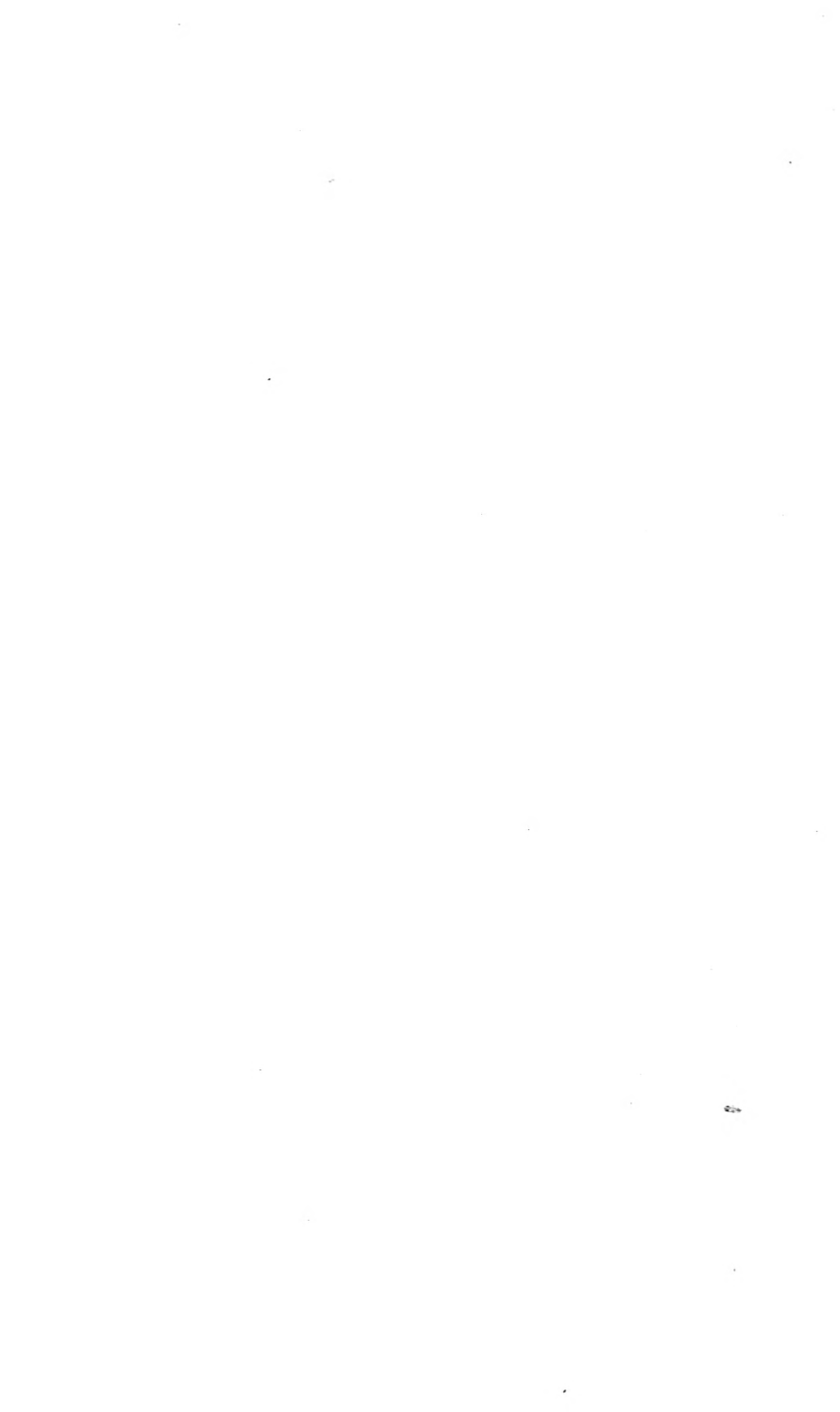
Old Caesar treated the two adventurous darkies with a supercilious stare and a contemptuous smile,--under the effects of which little Billy went headlong under the table,--and, without deigning any further reply to what he considered impertinent suggestions,

said: "De boss will proceed wid his part ob de program." Thereupon Burnside responded in a few words to the toast,—complimenting the negroes upon their industry and general good behaviour during the year,—and concluded by telling them to fall to, and enjoy themselves.

The whites remained a few minutes at the table, and then separating into small parties, wandered about the grounds. Burnside and the widow, after sauntering for some time under the trees, turned their steps toward an arbor, in a cluster of undergrowth not far from the house. Harry and May were watching them, and set out for the same place as soon as their victims had disappeared among the bushes. Moving slowly, and turning now slightly to the right, and then to the left, as if they were purposeless in the direction of their walk, they reached the arbor, without being detected by its inmates, or attracting the attention of any of the wandering parties in the wood. They stood, for several minutes, motionless by the side of the leafy screen, and listened with bated breath. They heard distinctly every word that was uttered after they had reached their hiding-place. Finally they could bear it no longer, and burst into the arbor, to find the head of the widow gently pillowed upon Burnside's shoulder, with the exclamation from Harry,—“Mother—mother!—how could you do it!—is this the end of all your promises to me?”—followed by the exclamation from May,—“Oh, you deceitful old uncle!—only last week you said that you

would miss me when I married, and now you'll not miss me at all. I will never forgive you--never!"

The mother and uncle parried the badinage of their favorites as well as they were able; and when the four left the arbor there was not a happier party in the State. The next month witnessed a double instead of a single wedding, at the residence of the widow; and that home and Singleton simply made an amicable and peaceful exchange of mistresses.



UNDER THE MAGNOLIA.

UNDER THE MAGNOLIA;

OR,

I'll See You in Jericho First.

A SOUTHERN STORY.

CHAPTER I.

Look on this picture and on that;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.

SHAKSPEARE.

For him are brought into the world two daughters, so beyond measure excellent in all the gifts allotted to reasonable creatures, that we may think they were born to show that Nature is no step-mother to that sex, how much soever some men, sharp-witted only in evil-speaking, have sought to disgrace them.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

"Where is that graceless nephew of yours?"

"I don't know exactly; when I last heard from him he was in Montgomery."

"When do you expect him here?"

"Next week."

The foregoing was part of a conversation between two men, long past the meridian of life, yet apparently

stout and vigorous,—one with an empty sleeve,—who were sitting upon a rustic bench, in the shade of a wide-spreading magnolia. The tree was close to the porch of a small, but tastefully constructed cottage, which stood not far from the Gulf of Mexico, in one of the most beautiful parts of the Florida coast, about midway between the cities of Mobile and Apalachicola. This cottage was an appendage, and was within a stone's throw of a stately mansion, which, cresting the slight eminence, upon the slope of which the former was situated, looked far and wide over the blue waters of that finest of American seas. A pathway, broad and sinuous, dividing to the west, the smoothly descending carpet of greensward, wound, in graceful curves, around the edges of the clumps of trees, thickly covered and interlaced by flowering vines, with which the lawn was plentifully sprinkled. The mansion, which was two storied, and built in what may well be termed, at least in this country, the Southern style of architecture, consisted of white walls; high, airy rooms; large doors and windows, protected by green blinds; broad, flattened roofs; and two ample halls, above and below, crossing each other at right angles in the centre, and opening at either end upon deep verandas. The building, with its out-houses, appropriate in color and construction, was of a piece, with the thousands of country homes, scattered over the Gulf-States, of the old Southern planters,—a grand old race of men now rapidly and finally disappearing,—except, it should be remarked, in one

singular and striking respect. Immediately over the intersection of the halls, and forming the roof of that part of the edifice, arose a dome,—enriched, within and without, with carved work and mouldings, and having around it, at regular intervals, 'circular openings filled with heavy stained glass,—upon the top of which was placed an octagonal tower of considerable height, surmounted by a weather-cock, fashioned like a ship, with spars, masts and rigging. The tower was reached by narrow cast iron steps springing from a platform, surrounded by a balustrade, at the foot of the dome, and bending over its outer surface.

The two men, thus talking under the magnolia, were Charles Munson and Hubert Brentworth. They were native Alabamians, and had been reared upon adjoining plantations. Old school-fellows, playmates, classmates, and roommates, with dispositions and tastes, which singularly harmonized, although no two persons could have been more unlike, they had been staunch friends from the time of their first recollection. After they were grown up, however, they became widely separated, and remained so during the whole of their early manhood. The former—Charles Munson,—daring and adventurous,—had run away from home before his education was completed; and, from a cabin-boy on a merchant vessel, had risen to the dignity of a mate and part owner. He continued on the sea, until by the death of his father, and another near relative, he inherited a large fortune, when he returned to Alabama, married, increased his

property, by wise and vigorous management, removed to Florida, lost his wife in giving birth to her sixth child;—only two, however, survived her—the oldest and youngest—both of whom were now living with him—the one as the housekeeper, and the other as the ornament of the large mansion just described. During the period of his wanderings about the world, he became attached, by some means, and in some subordinate capacity, to the Dead Sea Expedition of Lieutenant Lynch. While discharging his duties in connection with that undertaking, upon the mysterious waters covering the wicked cities of the plain, he was seized with violent sickness, and was removed to Rihah, or modern Jericho. Occupying a hovel in that wretched home of squalid and filthy Arabs, he lingered upon the confines of life, for several weeks; but, after suffering terrible agonies, his naturally strong constitution overcame the disease, which had fastened upon his system, and he slowly recovered. Like the messengers of King David, he had always afterward a lively horror of the circumstances, under which he was forced to “tarry awhile in Jericho,” as well as of the town itself. An old salt,—in spite of his early education, and his later surroundings,—his manner was occasionally rough, and his language sometimes more pointed than elegant. He had also acquired upon ship-board the habit of using certain set phrases, which, while not exactly vulgar, were certainly not like the pearls and diamonds that fell from the lips of the good little girl in the fairy tale.

One of these was the oath,—originating, no doubt, in the spell of sickness referred to, and which, by the way, occasioned the writing of this veracious history, —*I'll see you in Jericho first!* This oath, if it can be called an oath,—at any rate it was his nearest approach to swearing,—when once uttered was final as to his action—he could not be moved from the position he had taken. Ordinarily, however, both in bearing and conversation, he showed himself to be not only an intelligent and sensible, but a cultivated and generous man.

The latter,—Hubert Brentworth,—became a small farmer in one of the northern counties of Alabama. A genial-hearted, mild-tempered and strong-minded old bachelor, with no one especially to care for, except a nephew, who, already motherless, had been bequeathed to his guardianship and affection, by a dying brother,—save himself the last surviving member of his family,—he remained closely at home, attended strictly to his business, taught his nephew, by precept and example, to be a gentleman, sent him to the University, and upon his graduation, much against the wishes and tastes of the young man, induced him to read law, which, for some months now he had been pretending to practice in the courts of that gem of a city, Montgomery. Hubert Brentworth lost his left arm at Manassas. Upon the close of the war, having met his friend Charles Munson in Mobile, he was persuaded by him to become his companion, and assistant in the management of his

extensive business. Hence his domestication in the small cottage at Fairslope, by the side of which he and Charles Munson were seen talking on that bright day in the spring of 187—.

"Your nephew is a lazy dog, I have heard," good-humoredly said the old sailor, resuming the conversation. "He reads more poetry than he does law, it appears; and practices at the graces more than at his profession."

"He'll get over all that," cheerfully replied Hubert Brentworth. "He is simply sowing his wild-oats; and I don't think he has many of them to sow, and I know none of them are bad."

"It is reported that he is extremely handsome—vanity may have something to do with his want of serious application," observed Charles Munson.

"He is certainly handsome, as his father was before him," rejoined Hubert Brentworth. "Straight as an Indian, tall, full-chested,—his head—a fine one—set upon broad shoulders with the grace of the Apollo Belvedere,—he is a striking looking man in any crowd. But I hope, in disposition, he is not what you suggest; and I do not believe he is: if I am mistaken, however, and he be somewhat vain and idle, he is yet very young,—only twenty-three,—and, I am sure, that a few years, with opportunities, will correct these failings in one, whose judgment, as a general thing, is so sound, and whose principles so good."

"Well," said the other, after a pause, knocking the

ashes out of his pipe. "handsome is as handsome does, you know. I think you handsome; and yet," continued he, with a humorous twinkle of the eye, "one, who did not know you, would be surprised at hearing such a remark from me, when he looked upon that rugged and weather-beaten countenance. But," as the door of his residence on the opposite side of the way opened, "here comes Mary and Grace equipped for an evening's walk."

The young ladies crossed over to where the old gentlemen were sitting. The elder, Mary, though young, was old enough to merit and obtain from Mrs. Grundy, the unpopular and unpoetic name of old maid; it needed, however, but a look at her round, graceful and well-developed figure,—and especially but a single look into her sweet face, on which sat the evidences of a pure mind and heart, to satisfy any one that she was an old maid from choice, not necessity; and the marks of quiet, subdued, but genuine happiness, which serenely beamed in her soft blue eyes, and lurked in the dimples playing around her smiling mouth, said, almost as plainly as words, that there had been much less of sorrow, and perhaps more of joy, in her life, than were generally found in the lives of those, who, in the world's view, were more blessed—those, in short, who had become mothers in Israel. But the younger sister!—what of her? As she stood there by her old father, one fair hand resting upon his shoulder, and the other playing with his gray hair, every outline a beauty, and

every motion a grace, she appeared exactly the girl to run a young man mad. Grace Munson was scarcely eighteen; and she impressed every one, who approached her, as being indeed marvellously beautiful. And this impression was not so much the result of a rare combination of perfect form and faultless feature, although, in her, was found this combination, to its full extent, heightened too in effect by a wealth of golden hair, which some one had very aptly termed "rippling sunshine," and which, in its curling abundance, no art could control and therefore mar in its wild and exuberant loveliness;—as it was the result of the truth displayed in the broad, open brow, the gentle firmness visible in the delicately chiselled lips, and the intelligence and goodness shining in the clear, lambent light of two dark brown eyes, which had the faculty, in the unshrinking purity and courage of the nature behind them, to look straightly and steadily into the eyes of those with whom she was talking—seeming to read the most hidden secrets of their souls.

Saying a good-bye to Hubert Brentworth, the old sailor and his daughters moved slowly down the pathway in the direction of the Gulf. The former watched them, with a look of affection, which seemed to belong to his pleasant and amiable face, until they passed behind a cluster of trees at the foot of the lawn. He saw them again when they reached the sands of the beach, with the red light of the setting sun falling upon them. As they turned their steps homeward, he arose and entered his cottage.

CHAPTER II.

I begin shrewdly to suspect the young man of a terrible taint—poetry; with which idle disease if he be infected, there is no hope of him in a state course. *Actum est* of him for a commonwealth's man, if he go to it in rhyme once.

BEN JONSON.

Under the magnolia again! Hubert Brentworth and his nephew occupied the favorite seat of the old man under the favorite tree. Guy had but recently reached Fairslope. It was a splendid morning, a few days after the conversation detailed in the preceding chapter. A rain had fallen during the night, imparting life and beauty to the leaves and flowers, and coolness and balminess to the atmosphere. Hundreds of light feathery clouds were drifting slowly across the sky, while a gentle breeze made the glossy leaves of the princely tree flash like a coronal of diamonds in the sunshine. Far out in the Gulf could be plainly seen a gallant ship, with all canvas spread,—a pyramid of snow,—speeding over the glittering waters. Another, still more distant, appeared a mere speck upon the western horizon.

“How have you been getting along in your profession, Guy?” at length enquired Hubert Brentworth.

"You know my heart is fixed upon your becoming a great lawyer; but I fear you have been sadly wasting time, and neglecting opportunities."

"Well, uncle," responded Guy, "to speak upon the square, I haven't been getting along at all. While I have steadily refrained from taking any part of the principal of the small property left me by my father, and invested for me by you, when I was a boy,—making the interest, some five or six hundred dollars, meet all my expenses,—I have added nothing to it. During the few months that I have waited upon the courts, I have not had a single case. And, however humiliating the confession, I can't say I regret it. As we are talking now upon the subject, I want to make a clean breast of the whole matter before we leave it. I love reading; but it is a desultory, miscellaneous, good-for-nothing sort of reading, that I am fond of. I have no taste whatever for the law, and have only continued at it hitherto, through deference to your wishes, desiring, though scarce hoping, that something might turn up to alter my fancies and feelings with regard to it. Its dry details are repulsive to me. The subjects discussed are not only uninteresting, but the way, in which they are treated, is more so. My disinclination to read what is so unattractive, in matter and manner, is increased by an impatience arising from a conviction that the latter is unnecessary. Facts, not especially fascinating in themselves, may be made, at least, endurable to the general reader by a felicitous grouping or presentation. It is hard to find any sub-

ject, in a law-book, more unpromising of interest than those of certain of Macaulay's Essays—The Utilitarian Theory of Government or Bentham's Defence of Mill, for instance,—and yet his style is such, as to render these articles scarcely less attractive than the finest scenes in Scott's or Bulwer's novels. But it does not need to go out of the law, to show what can and ought to be done for the law by its writers. It is sufficient to point to Blackstone. It seems to me, with the single exception just mentioned, that law-writers are guilty of these literary sins,—these crimes against good taste, in the preparation of their works,—premeditatedly, and with malice aforethought,—simply with the view of driving off the general reader, and thereby keeping among themselves a knowledge of the mysteries of that great science, as they complacently call it, by which they have been enabled so long and so effectually to humbug the people."

Guy stopped, out of breath. As his uncle did not immediately reply, but continued vigorously to smoke, he, following with his eyes the wreaths of vapor, propelled sharply upward from the pipe, by a succession of testy whiffs, said softly, by way of finale:

"Oh the twistings and turnings,
And wiles not a few,
Of legal profoundness;
I'll bid ye adieu."

"You seem, Guy," mildly rejoined the old man after a silence of some minutes,—“you seem to have taken

a spite against the law, because its writers have failed to make their works as pleasant to readers. as, in your judgment, they might have done. But while I shall not dispute, that what you say of these writers is true, I will suggest that the Macaulian illustration, with which you attempt to enforce it, is not altogether appropriate. A theory of government is a theme decidedly more dignified, and presents a field much more capable of being worked up into the picturesque, than any branch of common or statutory law,—than, say, contracts, remainders or executory devises. Nothing, however, that you have said has anything to do with the main question. Stripped of all unnecessary verbiage, my dear boy, that question is simply this: whether Guy Brentworth has energy and force of mind sufficient to master these writers, just as they are,—whether he has the patience and self-denial to forego, in youth, what is pleasant for what is useful,—whether, in a word, he has the manhood to prefer, to the mess of pottage of to-day, however temptingly dished up, a legacy difficult of attainment, and remote in benefit, but solid and valuable when secured. I speak earnestly, Guy, because I feel deeply. You have the ability and soundness of moral principle to be all I wish you;—what is needed is application. You understand the reasons of my urgency on this subject: they have been given you time and again. I will add but a word or two further. Leaving out of view the fact that the law opens a sure road to riches, as well as almost the only road to high preferment in the

state, it deserves the regard of the one, who has chosen it for his profession, because it is one of the great nurseries of the spirit of freedom. Did you ever read what Burke said upon this point in one of his speeches on the American war?" He went into the cottage and returned almost instantly with a volume in his hand. Seating himself, he read Guy the following fine passage:

"Permit me, sir, to add another circumstance in our Colonies, which contributes no mean part towards the growth and effect of this untractable spirit. I mean their education. In no country perhaps in the world is the law so general a study. The profession itself is numerous and powerful, and in most provinces it takes the lead. The greater number of the deputies sent to the Congress were lawyers. But all who read, and most do read, endeavor to obtain some smattering in that science. I have been told by an eminent bookseller, that in no branch of his business, after tracts of devotion, were so many books as those on the law imported to the plantations. The colonists have now fallen into the way of printing them for their own use. I heard that nearly as many of Blackstone's Commentaries had been sold in America as in England. * * * *Abeunt studia mores.* This study renders men acute, inquisitive, dexterous, prompt in attack, ready in defence, full of resources. In other countries, the people more simple, and of a less mercurial cast, judge of an ill principle in government only by an actual grievance; here they anticipate the evil, and judge of the

pressure of the grievance by the badness of the principle. They augur misgovernment at a distance, and snuff the approach of tyranny in every tainted breeze.' ”

Guy was strongly impressed with the soundness of his uncle's views, as well as the parental affection manifested in the earnestness, with which they were expressed. He could not refrain, however, from assuming that air of affected indifference, which had become habitual to him, while he negligently hummed:

“Throughout its musty, dusty store,
The law's a bore—the law's a bore ;
The wrong to guard, the right defeat,
The law's a cheat—the law's a cheat.”

“But, uncle,” continued he feelingly, when he observed the troubled expression upon the old man's face,—“don't take the matter to heart—it will all come right in the end, I dare say : and to give you some little comfort in the meantime, I will tell you, what I have never told you before, that, as much as I dislike the law, I have studied hard, and am passingly well grounded in all of its elementary principles. There now—take heart, and look up, and be yourself again.”

“Guy,” at length said Hubert Brentworth anxiously, “I am deeply grieved at your course. I am sure you are not cold-hearted and selfish, yet one hearing you talk, who did not know you, would think so. Passing over for the present the dissatisfaction on my part arising from your antipathy to professional duties and

obligations, I must say to you seriously, that I don't fancy the easy and indolent indifference, with which you greet grave argument, when it chances not to please you, and the scraps of bad verse, with which you attempt to turn it aside. And you have pained me, Guy, in another respect, to which I will call your attention," continued he faintly smiling, "as your faults, at this time are under consideration. The tenor of your late letters leads me to believe that you have turned woman-hater."

"No, not woman-hater," observed Guy. "My feeling toward the sex is one of perfect indifference. I am simply a woman-shunner."

"It amounts to pretty much the same thing in effect," said Hubert Brentworth. "A want of regard or respect for female character, in a young man, argues something radically wrong at his heart. I do not think this of you. I am inclined to suppose that this talk forms one of your numerous affectations. Be this as it may, it is likely to produce consequences, of which I cannot think without great sorrow. I am an old bachelor,—the reason why I will perhaps tell you before I get through,—it was not, however, I will say now, through indifference to woman, or objection to marriage. I have felt the want of a wife to comfort and cheer me in my weary pilgrimage upon earth, and have seen how much more profitable my little span of existence would have been, had I been blessed with one, and with children 'like olive branches about my table.' I have been a lonely—lonely old man, and

I fear almost a worthless one; and this sense of loneliness, and of being an 'unprofitable servant,' will be immeasurably increased, if you, my son, the centre of all my hopes and wishes, fail in the future which I have pictured for you."

By a powerful effort, the incorrigible young man prevented any display of feeling at these affectionate and touching words, and rollickingly said :

"Tell me at once, uncle, to whom you wish to marry me. Is it to one of the fancy beauties of the city—all stays and laces—whose heart, like a dry mustard seed, will bear with serenity all my peccadilloes—or, to some round and buxom country girl, down here in Florida, who, after instructing me in the bucolic mysteries of plowing and hoeing, will introduce me to those of domestic economy,—house-warming, house-cleaning and house-keeping,—to the spirited music of a rattling tongue and a ringing poker,—or, to a sort of Countess of Drogheda, who will kindly permit me to meet a select circle of my friends, for purposes of relaxation and amusement, provided the place of meeting, like that accorded to poor Wycherly, be within full and easy view of the windows of her ladyship's chamber,—or, to a Jezebel, who will teach me the lawyer-like trick of getting another man's homestead, against his will, and without the paltry inconvenience of paying for it,—or? ——"

"Such talk, Guy," said the old man, patiently, and mildly, interrupting him. "is only nonsense. I have no wish to marry you to any one; but I do wish you

to marry yourself to some true woman,—they are to be found all around you,—under the sunny influence of whose loving presence, the crust of apathetic affectation, which has formed over your better nature, will be broken up, and the imprisoned waters stimulated into a warm and healthy flow. Ah! Guy, trust me, such a wife, whose faith and confidence——”

“Faith and confidence!” recklessly interposed Guy:

“ ‘Woman’s faith and woman’s trust,—
Write the characters in dust,
Print them in the running stream,
Stamp them on the moon’s pale beam,
And each evanescent letter
Shall be firmer, fairer, better,
And more durable, I ween,
Than the thing those letters mean.’ ”

The only objection I have to these lines,” added Guy, “is, that they are not sufficiently comprehensive.”

“You ought to have a much graver objection, my boy,” said his uncle;—“they are put in the mouth of one, who was half a savage, and wholly a murderer.”

That last remark took all the impudence out of Guy. For some time he had evinced much restiveness; now abashed and confused, he said:

“Do, uncle, let us talk about something else.” Looking over at Charles Munson’s fine residence, he continued: “That is certainly a beautiful home; and yet it is a very singular house;—all the most common and plainest architectural rules are violated, too, in its construction. The incongruities, however, about it,—

a dome rising upon walls completely surrounded by ornamented verandas, and the tower with its ship for a weather-vane,—add to the picturesqueness of the whole. But the name of the ship," said Guy, looking at the gilt letters upon its side, "is rather the strangest thing of all. JERICHO!—what in the world induced your friend so to christen it? He could have found a name equally as fit, and decidedly more musical."

"I am responsible for the name," replied his uncle. "The dome, tower and ship were improvements made by order of Munson to the house, after it came into his possession. The putting up of the ship was a kind of pet undertaking—a labor of love—with him, for which, indeed, I believe the dome and tower were mainly, if not entirely, erected. Owing to the distance from the ground the vane appears small; but it is really about eight feet in length, and is made of copper throughout. It was the work of a jeweler in Mobile, and is a beautiful piece of mechanism. Just before it was finished, he asked me to furnish him a suitable name for it. For reasons which you will understand, before you are here many days, I gave him Jericho, without any thought of his adopting the suggestion. The idea, however, seemed to strike him; and the maker had immediate instructions so to letter it. The ship up there, as you say, looks well; but even if it did not, I would still regard this piece of old-sailor-like eccentricity with respect."

CHAPTER III.

O land! O land!
For all the broken-hearted;
The mildest herald by our fate allotted,—
Beckons, and, with inverted torch, doth stand,
To lead us with a gentle hand,
Into the land of the great departed,—
Into the Silent Land!

CHLAND.

Her lips though they kept close with modest silence, yet with a pretty kind of swelling, seemed to invite the guests that looked on them: her cheeks blushing when she was spoken unto, a little smiling, were like roses, when their leaves are with a little breath stirred.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

“But, Guy,” said Hubert Brentworth, “let us return for a few moments, to the subject, which troubles me so much,—your feeling and conduct towards woman. I have said that I would perhaps tell you the reason why I am an old bachelor. I do not like to recur to the past incidents of my rather profitless life; and it is especially painful for me to recall this one. The story, however, may assist in bringing about the change in you, which I so much desire to see; and you shall have it.

“Alice Wayneley,—you have heard the name Guy, —lived with a widowed mother upon a small farm

near that of my father. The house was a neat, vine-clad cottage, standing some distance back from the public road, and was surrounded by apple trees. It seems to me now that those trees were always bright and fragrant with blossoms. Alice was one of the sweetest and loveliest of God's creatures. She was as fair as a lily, and as dependent and delicate as the clasping tendril of the most fragile vine. I am sure she never had a thought that was not pure,—never uttered a word that was not kind,—and never performed an act that was not unselfish. The very atmosphere about her seemed redolent of peace and gentleness. I cannot now recall the moment when I was not in love with her. Raised as children together, between us there was no formality,—to her I was always Hugh,—to me she was always Alice. As we grew up, until I went away to school, I walked with her, rode with her, was her chosen knight upon all fishing frolics, at all pic-nics, and in all nutting expeditions. I gathered up good books for her,—she was particularly fond of poetry, works of travel and history,—and we read them together, and, what was equally as well, talked about them afterwards. Much of my love for English literature, and what little proficiency I have made in it, I attribute to those early studies, the memory of which even now lends an additional charm to every volume of a similar character, which I chance to read. When I returned from school,—called home before I had completed the collegiate course of study, by my father's

death,—she had not ‘improved out of my knowledge,’—she was just the fair, delicate and trusting young woman, that was promised by her girlhood. I knew she loved me,—but I knew, at the same time, that her love for me was rather that of a sister, than that of a woman for the man, whom she was willing to marry. I had no fears, however, for the result. I was sure that this love would end in the other, and that she would become the blessing of my life. This merging of what is called sisterly affection into wifely love oftener happens in this world than poets and novelists would have us believe. And, no doubt, it would have occurred in this case,—had she not met Robert Kingsley.

“He came to our neighborhood on a visit to a college-mate. He was five or six years older than I was,—about your age now, Guy,—much such a looking man as you are,—thought, as you do, about woman, though he did not shun the sex,—but had a heart—well—a heart, which I trust yours does not at all resemble. A party was given soon after, and in honor of, his arrival, at his friend’s home; and there he saw Alice Wayneley. He devoted himself to her. Candid and open in her nature, it required no great penetration on my part to see, before the crowd of young people dispersed, that she, whom I had loved all my life, and for whose sake I would willingly have sacrificed it, was lost to me forever. After this, during his stay he was a frequent visitor at the Parsonage, as Alice’s home was called by the neighbors,

in compliment to her father, who had been a minister of the gospel. Boy though I was, words can never tell the agony I endured. To me then the desolation of my life seemed complete. My sufferings, however, were never obtruded upon Alice. I staid away from her. Under the circumstances, perhaps she hardly missed me. When we met, which was but seldom, I acted towards her as I had always been accustomed to act from my boyhood.

“I had been out hunting, and in returning home, one bright evening, I had to pass close to the Parsonage. Ah!—how well do I remember that evening, and all that I then felt and saw. When I clambered upon the fence, which separated me from the highway, I observed Alice and Kingsley, some distance away, walking slowly in the direction of the house. The birds were singing joyously in the green trees, which thickly lined and overshadowed the smooth sandy road. Clusters of wild-roses, in the fence corners, added a spiciness to the fragrance, which was wafted to me from the sea of apple blossoms across the way. In a few minutes they reached the gate. I saw him put his arm about her waist, and press his lips to her forehead, as he bade her adieu. That was the last time they were ever seen together. He went back, the next day, to the gay world, and returned no more. He forgot the fair young country flower that bloomed for him,—forgot the flower that withered for him,—forgot the flower that died for him! In less than twelve short months from that evening, the

violets were making green with their leaves, and making fragrant with their flowers, the sod that covered all that was mortal of Alice Wayneley. And in that grave," concluded Hubert Brentworth, sadly,—“was forever buried the best part of my life. Guy, my son, take to your heart the moral of this story.”

CHAPTER IV.

Her air, her manners, all who saw admired,
Courteous, though coy, and gentle, though retired,
The joy of youth and health her eyes displayed;
And ease of heart her every look conveyed.

CRABBE.

'Twas but slightly they looked at him,—
And they knew him not—she saw deeper.

THE HEIRESS.

Guy has been about two weeks at Fairslope. He has passed his time generally in hunting, fishing, riding about the estate with his uncle, and in reading,—the old sailor having a library of choice books,—many of them rare and valuable. At first, his engagements, keeping him from the house, he saw but little of its two young mistresses,—this was indeed what he desired, and was the great cause of his apparent devotion to field sports,—latterly, however, they had frequently been thrown together, and, he, contrary to his custom heretofore with regard to the sex, had on more than one occasion sought their society. The usual evening's walk of Grace, often accompanied by her elder sister, in spring and summer, was along the smooth sand of the beach, to a spring, at no great dis-

tance from the bank of a narrow, but deep river, marked by a line of huge forest trees, in plain view of the house. The undergrowth about the spring had been cleared away, making an open grove of about an acre in extent, that reached from the sands to within a few yards of the little river, the bank of which, at the point, was left clad in its rich native growth of vine, and shrub, and tree heavily draped with Spanish moss. Here the atmosphere freely circulated, while coolness nestled under the broad arms of the giant beeches, magnolias and live oaks, with which the spot abounded; and, on bright days, the sunshine "greenly sifted through the trees," and sleeping in large, irregular patches upon the grass, where it made its way between them, effectually banished dampness. The spring flowed from the roots of a tree, and forming a clear, crystal runlet, margined with lines of soft green moss, glided placidly, and without a murmur, to the turbid waters of the larger stream. Near the lower corner of the opening the river turned abruptly to the left, and flowing darkly and sluggishly in a southerly direction, almost parallel with the coast-line of the Gulf, from whose waters it was only separated by a somewhat elevated and narrow tongue of land, emptied into them about two miles below, nearly opposite a small, and partially wooded island. At the mouth of the river the water was very deep; and there, by the aid of the island, was secure anchorage-ground, even in tempestuous weather, for the small schooner, which ran between Fairslope and Pensacola, and some-

times Fairslope and Mobile, carrying off the produce of Charles Munson's farms, lumber from his mill and settlement a few miles up the river, and bringing in all needed supplies. The road from the house along the beach continued, after the path to the spring left it, to a small jetty at the point of the tongue of land before alluded to. The schooner was principally owned by Charles Munson—a small interest in it having been presented by him to the skipper, William Crossland, and his cousin, Tom Myers, the mate.

It has been said that Guy, who, in the beginning of his visit to Fairslope, had rather shunned the company of Mary and Grace, had, of late, seemed to seek it. The character of his intercourse with them, and especially his manner of talking to them, can be inferred from a laughing remark, which Mary—who, by the way, was at least two years his senior—made to his uncle about this time. "His way of addressing me," said she laughingly, "leads me sometimes to fear at his hands a parental-like pat on the head or chuck under the chin." Grace met his patronizing airs with a modest dignity, which was known to be a part of her nature, and with a quiet firmness and spirit, which was as unexpected as it was becoming. Before the pure and steady look of her wondrous eyes, and her words conveying the gentlest shade of rebuke, Guy frequently stopped short in his career of affectation, and turned away with an embarrassment, which would have astonished him a few weeks earlier, and which, his inability at the time to conceal, made doubly pain-

ful. Through the surface of the outward man, she was sure that she saw,—perhaps she was mistaken,—the outcroppings of an independent and chivalrous spirit, the existence of which even his uncle did not always fully credit, and Charles Munson not at all. In fact, to the plain, honest and direct-minded old sailor, Guy appeared to be something of a puppy—though he kept the opinion to himself, of course.

About the time indicated at the commencement of this chapter, Mary, Grace and Guy were at the spring. The young man, during his walk from the house, and since, had conducted himself well—had been guilty of none of his customary conversational improprieties. They had been there but a short time, when a mocking-bird, settled upon the dead branch of a tree close by, and began to sing. As its song rose higher and higher, it would spread out its wings, hop from place to place on the limb, and now and then circle gracefully around it. “‘What linked sweetness long drawn out’—he seems to ‘untie and set free the hidden soul of harmony,’” exclaimed Guy, as the mocking-bird, describing a rapid spiral, poured from his throat a mazy-flowing stream of melody, closing with a trill, as he darted straight up into the air, which filled every avenue of the woods with song. “Was anything richer ever heard by mortal man?”

“No,—nothing could be finer,” murmured Grace, almost unconsciously, in her low and silvery tones.

“Well,” said Guy,—“it is splendid certainly,—but I think I’ve heard a bird in these woods, and that,

too, very recently, whose music was far sweeter ;” and he looked Grace full in the face.

There was a faint blush upon the young girl’s cheek, as he continued,—“But what a wonderful bird it is, and how little appreciated ! In this respect it is somewhat like the magnolia there. Did it ever occur to either of you, that while the oak, poplar, maple, *et cætera*, have been very frequently embalmed in verse, this, the queen of beauty among American forest trees, has never had paid to it the slightest poetic tribute ? The mocking-bird, the queen of song among American forest birds, has indeed had many, and yet it is little better off with them, than the magnolia without,—not one, as far as I know, being afloat upon the current literature of the day. The greater part of them perhaps deserved this fate : one certainly did not. It was written by a man, who, though of Northern birth, has long resided at the South, and all of whose tastes, feelings and sympathies are essentially Southern. Though a production of rare merit, I have never seen it, but once or twice outside of the volume, in which it was first published about forty years ago.”

While they were listening to the song of the bird, he recited, as an accompaniment, the following lines from a song in its praise, which was almost as full of music :

“Thou glorious mocker of the world ! I hear
Thy many voices ringing through the glooms
Of these green solitudes—and all the clear
Bright joyance of their song enthralls the ear,

And floods the heart. Over the spherèd tombs
Of vanished nations rolls thy music tide.
No light from history's star-like page illumes
The memory of those nations—they have died.
None cares for them but thou—and thou may'st sing
Perhaps o'er me—as now thy song doth ring
Over their bones by whom thou once wast deified.

“Thou scorner of all cities. Thou dost leave
The world's turmoil, and never ceasing din,
Where one from others no existence weaves—
Where the old sighs, the young turns gray and grieves—
Where misery gnaws the maiden's heart within :
And thou dost flee into the broad green woods,
And with thy soul of music thou dost win
Their hearts to harmony—no jar intrudes
Upon thy sounding melody. Oh where,
Amid the sweet musicians of the air,
Is one so dear as thou to these old solitudes !

“Ha ! what a burst was that ! the æolian strain
Goes floating through the tangled passages
Of the lone woods,—and now it comes again—
A multitudinous melody—like a rain
Of glossy music under echoing trees,
Over a ringing lake ; it wraps the soul
With a bright harmony of happiness—
Even as a gem is wrapped, when round it roll
The waves of brilliant flame—till we become,
Even with the excess of our deep pleasure, dumb,
And pant like some swift runner clinging to the goal.”

“We are much obliged to you,” said Grace when he
had finished the lines.

"I appreciate that," said Guy.—"it is the first time I believe you have ever thanked me."

"Perhaps," said Grace smiling, "it is the only time you have ever deserved our thanks."

"You spoke very dolefully just now," observed Mary, "about the magnolia never having been an object of the poets' care and attention—why don't you remedy this neglect on their part, and give the world a poem on the subject, yourself? Grace and I will promise to read it with interest."

"I thank you for the suggestion," said Guy,—"I will do it. Be quiet now," continued he, taking out his pencil, and commencing to scribble upon the blank leaf of an old letter,—"and you shall have the lines in a few minutes."

"Ah!" said Mary laughing, "you would have us think your lines an impromptu—would you? What transparent cheats some of you men are! I have no doubt now that you have agonized for hours in the solitude of your room, over what you are at present writing off so glibly."

Guy did not reply—but with eyes fixed, brows knit and lips closed as if in deepest thought, and oblivious to all that was passing around him, made his pencil dash rapidly across the paper. When he had finished, he told Mary that she should not see what he had written, for doubting the readiness of his muse. He then handed the paper to Grace,—who after reading,

turned it,—in spite of his urgent objections,—over to her sister. The lines were as follows:

TO THE MAGNOLIA.

—

Written for Grace Munson.

—

It is a queenly tree, and rare.—
It charms the lowliest place.
And in its stem and branches fair,
What do I see but grace!

Its shining leaves, like glossy tongues,
In ev'ry breeze do race,
And in their sweetly whispering songs,
What do I hear but grace!

Its blossoms spotless, pure and white,
Unequalled in all space,
Shows soundest heart, and one that's bright,
And true,—a heart of grace!

“I take back what I said,” remarked Mary smiling mischievously, as she folded the paper and returned it to Grace—“I am sure now that the lines are impromptu.”

Guy pulled out his cigar-case and match-box—remarking, as he struck a light, “You won’t object to my smoking out here?”

“No,” said Mary, “we are smoked so much at home by papa, that we now scarcely notice it even in the house. But what a strange habit it is, to be sure! Men talk of our little weaknesses and failings, and

ridicule them unsparingly. If they could be made to think and ponder upon their large ones, how great ought to be their shame !”

“Why, you don’t certainly think the use of tobacco a weakness—a failing? Hear what the poet says—writing under the genuine inspiration of the weed;” and he rattled off rather maliciously the well known lines :

“Yes, social friend, I love thee well,
In learned doctors’ spite :
Thy clouds all other clouds dispel,
And lap me in delight.
What though they tell, with phizes long,
My years are sooner past,
I would reply, with reason strong,
They’re sweeter while they last.”

“You need not have told us”—said Mary—“those lines were written under the inspiration of the weed. The evidences of the narcotic are all about them. Of course I am not so ridiculous as to argue against such a habit at this late day. The subject has long since been exhausted : and besides, as Cowper says :

‘Habits are soon assumed : but when we strive
To strip them ’tis like being flayed alive.’

I simply alluded to it to illustrate the uncharitableness of your sex toward ours. You see plainly the mote in our eye, but are wholly unconscious of the beam in your own.”

“You are mistaken,” said Guy impudently, “as far

as I am concerned, at least, with regard to an important part of your charge. Having a lively recollection of the attempt made by the Widow Wadman to entrap the unsuspecting Uncle Toby, I never search for moles in a woman's eyes."

"I will not affect ignorance of your ungallant allusion," said Mary, laughing and blushing. "However don't pride yourself upon the smartness of your reply. I am sure Sterne told an untruth. There *was* a mote in the Widow's eye—Uncle Toby was only too blind to see it. The history of the author of *Tristram Shandy* proves that he was not too good to slander a woman." Guy winced, and made no reply.

The next evening the three were standing together upon the sands just below the house. The water of the Gulf, in its restless ebb and flow, at times almost reached their feet. Something had been said with regard to the loss of Hubert Brentworth's arm.

"It happened," said Guy, "at the first battle of Manassas. He occupied a position in the ranks not far from the head of his regiment,—the Fourth Alabama,—where as coolly and collectedly, as upon dress parade, Egbert J. Jones, its commander, sat upon his horse, while his gallant Alabamians, in common with the rest of our small force upon the left, were being, not defeated, but crushed, by the overwhelming weight of the enemy,—a conspicuous mark by his splendid person,—full six feet four inches in height, and finely proportioned,—for the thickly flying bullets. I have often heard uncle say that Colonel Jones and his steed

in that fight,—the one facing death with a proud and defiant front, and the other shivering under him at each explosion of the heavy guns,—was the grandest sight he ever witnessed. About the time that Colonel Jones was borne mortally wounded from the field, uncle's left arm was shattered just below the elbow by a musket ball. Our left won imperishable laurels that day, and deserved Ticknor's noble tribute." And with a spirit, which showed that he had much of the power of an orator, while the ladies listened with rapt attention to the words of the lyric, as, in the rich and mellow tones of his voice, they floated away over the waters of the Gulf, he gave them

"OUR LEFT."

"From dawn to dark they stood,
That long midsummer day,
While fierce and fast
The battle blast
Swept rank on rank away.

"From dawn to dark they fought,
With legions torn and cleft,
While still the wide
Black battle-tide
Poured deadlier on our 'Left.'

"They closed each ghastly gap—
They dressed each shattered rank—
They knew (how well!)
That freedom fell
With that exhausted flank.

“Oh! for a thousand men,
Like those that melt away;
And down they come,
With steel and plume,
Four thousand to the fray.

“Right thro’ the blackest cloud
Their lightning path they cleft—
And triumph came,
With deathless fame,
To our unconquered ‘Left.’

“Ye, of your sons secure,
Ye, of your sons bereft,
Honor the brave
Who died to save
Your all upon our ‘Left.’”

“That ballad,” said Guy, “is as compact and vigorous as Hohenlinden, or, Bruce’s Address. It has all the clear, ringing, inspiriting sound of the bugle-blast, that hurled the Six Hundred upon the Russian army. Perhaps, however,” continued he, in a lower tone, “in a few years, it too will be almost forgotten at the South. Perhaps,” and now he spoke somewhat bitterly,—“perhaps, in books made up of selections from American prose and poetry, issuing from Southern publishing houses, and edited by Southern men, and, in some instances, prepared for the use of Southern schools, prominent places, as now, will be allowed Marco Bozarris, The Psalm of Life, and The Ode to a Water-Fowl, while no room can be found for this fine ballad, and other kindred creations of the Southern muse.”

Twilight had almost deepened into night, as they commenced their walk homeward. The atmosphere was perfectly still.

"Listen to the murmur of the water," said Mary pausing,—*"how mournful and desolate it sounds!"* "And," added Grace, *"it seems to have, ever and anon, amid its drear notes, one still more drear—something between a moan and a sob."*

"Yes," said Guy, relapsing into his usual light and jeering vein, for he thought they had been serious long enough, and were becoming much too sentimental,—

‘The bride-groom sea
Is toying with the shore, his wedded bride,
And in the fullness of his marriage joy,
He decorates her tawny brow with shells,
Retires a space to see how fair she looks,
Then proud runs up to kiss her.’”

Waiting a moment or two for them to enjoy the beauty of the lines, he continued: "No doubt his wailing is produced by the heavy slaps which his bride gives him upon the face, for his presumption in daring to kiss her, after placing no rarer or richer ornaments upon her brow than shells."

Guy did not realize the height, to which the enthusiasm of Grace had been wrought by the occurrences of the evening, and consequently did not anticipate the jar, which was given to her sensibilities by his homely comment. He was not prepared then for the quiver in her voice, as she said: "You have done

what you ought to be very sorry for—associated with the beautiful that which is false and ignoble.” .

These few and simple words sank deeply into his heart. The fault,—a frequent one with him,—had never appeared so plain to him ; and he never forgot the lesson.

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CHAPTER V.

Destruction hovers over them ready with its pinions to stoop, and its talons to clutch.

WAVERLY NOVELS.

Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch!

SHAKESPEARE.

It was a few days before the one, which Guy had set for his return to Montgomery. His visit had already been protracted much beyond what he expected upon his arrival at Fairslope.

"I have seen but little of you, uncle for the last three or four days," said he, as they sat late in the afternoon by the cottage door in the shadow of the old tree.

"No," replied Hubert Brentworth,—*"I have been quite busy of late at the wharf in superintending the loading and unloading of the schooner. It left for Pensacola yesterday evening."*

"What was it freighted with?"—asked Guy.

"Principally lumber. I am glad it has gone, as it leaves me with nothing especially to do for the remaining hours of your stay here." After awhile he continued, *"I am tired of sitting—let us have a stroll*

together." Guy at once assented. He would have done so any way—but his readiness in the matter, it should be observed, was not at all lessened by his having seen Grace, a few minutes before, moving alone, under the trees, in the direction of the spring. After getting his rifle, Hubert Brentworth, accompanied by his nephew, passed slowly down the slope, and out upon the sands. His heart, during the short walk, was gladdened, by hearing Guy remark abruptly, after they had been for some moments silent, that upon his return to Montgomery, he intended to go honestly to work. Though surprised at the suddenness with which the avowal was made, Hubert Brentworth supposed it was induced by the talk he had given him, soon after their first meeting at the cottage, joined with reflection upon the subject in the frequent hours allowed him for self-communion in so quiet a spot as Fairslope. Guy had not even acknowledged to himself what was the main-spring of it. But the reader knows what the uncle does not suspect, and what the nephew has not admitted to his own heart, that, underlying the motives suggested to the former, was one, with the origin of which, Grace Munson had unconsciously much to do. The enthusiastic love of truth and elevated purity of the young and beautiful girl had made not only a deep and lasting impression upon him, but had awakened him to, at least, a dim conception of the frivolousness of his previous life, with a desire of amending it. Whether this wish will, as is too often the case with

those of a similar nature thus excited in the breasts of young men, end in smoke, or become a genuine refining fire—in other words, whether it is with Guy firmly bottomed upon real manliness of character,—remains to be seen.

Before the path leading to the spring was reached, a negro bearing a message from the “Mill” to Hubert Brentworth, came up with them. Stopping to write upon his knee a hurried note in reply, he told his nephew to go on—that he would soon overtake him. As Guy was turning from the beach into the wooded path, he looked back—saw his uncle dismiss the freedman, and resume his walk. Just then he heard a female-scream in the woods ahead of him. It was instantly and more piercingly repeated. Terribly startled, and feeling sure that the scream proceeded from Grace, he dashed forward with the speed of a greyhound. As he ran, he grasped, and opened his pocket-knife—the only weapon about him—which fortunately had a long, dirk-shaped blade. When he sprang into the more open area, immediately surrounding the spring, his eye caught the flutter of a white dress, as it disappeared through the thick undergrowth, which lined the bank of the river. Continuing with accelerated speed his headlong pace, he tore through the vines and bushes, as a white man, bending over the side, vigorously pushed a boat from the shore. Seeing, at the same time, Grace supported in the arms of another standing near the centre of the boat, while a huge negro beside him was work-

ing at the oars, he bounded across the intervening space, just as the boat shot out into the stream under a lusty pull from the African, and, alighting upon the stooping back of the first man, who was thus overturned and prostrated, he dashed forward and buried his knife in the neck of the other. Guy caught Grace, as the ruffian, in falling, released her, and detaching an oar from the boat, threw it into the river. Without a moment's hesitation he followed, and using it as a partial support for himself, and as an aid in keeping her head above the water, he struck out boldly for the shore, which was not many yards distant. Being an expert swimmer, Guy, though heavily loaded, had but little fear of being able to place his precious charge in safety upon the bank. He saw that the boat was slowly drifting down the stream, while the man, whom he had overturned, and the negro, had raised up the wounded villain, and were endeavoring to stop the flow of blood from his throat. He was close to the shore, when he heard a singular, gurgling sound in the water behind him. He glanced over his shoulder, and saw,—that which was sufficient to freeze with dismay and horror the stoutest heart. Moving in his wake, and scarcely four yards distant, appeared the hungry eye and distended jaws of an enormous alligator. Guy knew that it was a struggle for life and death, with all the chances in favor of the latter, and that too of the most terrible character; and yet he did not yield to despair, or lose his presence of

mind. He pulled manfully and desperately for the bank. The controlling thought and hope with him was at least to save Grace. The few seconds that intervened between the time, when he first saw the monster, and the time when he could not only hear its labored breathing, but absolutely feel it upon his cheek, seemed to him an age. And, when he was sure that the next moment would be his last—when he knew that the savage reptile was preparing to seize him, and, in his agony could almost feel its teeth in his body, the sharp crack of a rifle was heard, a bullet whistled by his ear, and he and Grace were drawn safely to land by Hubert Brentworth.

The first act of Guy was to offer thanks to a divine and merciful providence for his unlooked-for rescue from the very jaws of death: the next was to grasp tightly his uncle's hand with feelings of affectionate gratitude too deep for utterance. Grace, who had shown no signs of life, since Guy had received her fainting form from the arms of her abductor, was immediately removed by them to the spring, where she was gently laid upon a grassy mound—Hubert Brentworth taking off his coat, and placing it folded under her head. In the meantime the boat had passed around the abrupt bend in the river before described, and disappeared from sight. Observing that Guy was very pale, and appeared still to be laboring under strong and painful emotion, his uncle said to him, with an assumption of gaiety:

“The creature was very close to you, Guy. Ordi-

narily I could have sent a ball, through his eye, crashing into his brain; but the circumstances would not admit of any risk—so I sent it, through his mouth, hissing down his throat. But explanations later. One of us must go immediately after help. I, as the drier and fresher of the two, will do so. Rub Grace's hands and temples while I am gone, and now and then sprinkle some of this cool water in her face. I doubt not you will have her up by my return."

As Guy, left alone with Grace, looked down upon her marble features, which had never appeared to him so exquisitely delicate and lovely in their outlines, and commenced to chafe her slender hands between his broad palms, he could not refrain from calling upon her, in words of endearment, to look up, and to pour into her unheeding ears vows of unalterable affection. He continued his rhapsodies some time after a tinge of color, which he was too busy with his thoughts to notice, had returned to her cheek. At first it was as faint as the lightest trace of pink in the sea-shell, but gradually deepening to the rosy blush of fully restored animation, she opened her eyes, just as he concluded a round of most loving protestations, and looked at him fixedly. The next moment, a spasm of pain crossed her fair face, as full recollection of the horrors of her forcible seizure, came back to her; and, woman-like, she quietly fainted again. Guy was nearly beside himself. The swoon, however, lasted but a short time. Before his frenzy took on the form of absolute insanity, consciousness returned to her. In

a few minutes she was able to sit up, and even laugh a little at her companion, whose exuberant joy at her recovery made him commit all manner of boyish absurdities.

When Hubert Brentworth arrived with the carriage from Fairslope, accompanied by the anxious father and sister of Grace, they found her half sitting, half reclining upon the grass, with several green branches of the magnolia, starred with flowers, lying around her and in her lap,—her arms and shoulders covered with the coat, which had served for her pillow, and Guy's slouched hat sitting jauntily upon her sunny tresses. The young man was seated upon a log at a respectful distance. To him the old sailor and Mary, after embracing Grace, with many tears on the part of the sisters, were profuse in thanks, interrupted by some exclamations of wonder at the affair. Who were the parties, and what was the object, were to Charles Munson oppressive mysteries. The attention of Hubert Brentworth had been so completely engrossed by Grace and Guy that the boat passed out of sight, without his having noticed it at all. Guy had never seen either of the men before, and he, of course, could give no satisfactory information with regard to them. It is true he had his suspicions, but these he communicated to his uncle in private.

All was quiet at Fairslope, the second night after the exciting events just narrated. The moon was dimly shining, and Grace, completely restored, was sitting, after tea, with Guy, upon the steps of the front

veranda. A cluster of evergreens, in the yard, concealed them from Charles Munson and Hubert Brentworth, who were smoking their pipes before the door of the cottage, across the way.

"That first swoon of yours was a very long one;—were you unconscious," anxiously enquired Guy, "all the time your eyes were closed?"

"No," said Grace,— "not all the time."

"Did you hear anything I said?" asked Guy rather dubiously.

"A little."

"Are you angry?"

"No," she replied, very gently; "are you satisfied?"

"Yes;" and half kneeling at her side, while he clasped her white hand, and looked in her sweet eyes, to which not even the softened light of the moon could lend additional attraction, he said:— But no matter what he said. He was very young; and the reader might suppose, if his words were given, that he talked foolishly. He, however, did not think so; and, what is more to the purpose, neither did Grace.

CHAPTER VI.

I'll warrant that fellow from drowning though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell. * * * He hath no drowning mark upon him: his complexion is perfect gallows.

THE TEMPEST.

Reference has been had to the schooner which plied rather irregularly between Fairslope and Pensacola. William Crossland, the skipper, and Thomas Myers, his cousin, and assistant in the management of the little craft, were men of some nautical skill, having run for years, upon different ships and in different capacities, between Pensacola and Havana. Their home, if men leading such a life, and without families, can be said to have a home, was in the first named city—at any rate it was there that they passed the greater part of their time, when not engaged upon ship-board; and out of regular work, it was there they were met and employed by Charles Munson. It should be observed, in justification of this act on the part of the old sailor, that, while they had earned, in that place, no reputation for habits strictly moral, they were generally regarded as industrious, as well as attentive and reliable in the discharge of business

duties. Both were intelligent—perhaps Myers the more so of the two—though Crossland, having received something of an education,—of which the other was totally deficient,—made the better impression upon others. For one in his calling, indeed, his address was remarkably good. All that had ever been said against them,—and this had never been borne to the ears of their present employer,—was a whisper among some of the older citizens that nobody knew from what place in the States they originally came,—and among some of the younger, that equal ignorance prevailed as to their course during the war, and that they seemed to be in sympathy with the dominant political party of the country, in its rule of ignorance and force at the South. This last charge, however, originated in mere suspicion, as the nature of their business, of course, prevented, on their part, any acts of decided partisanship. The only known relative of the two men in Florida, and he had come to the state with them, was Ben, a brother of Tom Myers, who was married, and lived somewhere on the coast below Pensacola.

The schooner had received its load, and left the mouth of the river, it will be recollected, the evening before the attempted seizure of Grace. It was, however, a few nights earlier, while the vessel was lying at the little wharf of Fairslope, that the reader is requested to look into the diminutive cabin occupied by Crossland, the skipper, and listen to part of a conversation between himself, and his right hand man,

Myers. They were seated, facing each other, at a small table, upon which were placed a pitcher of water, a bowl of sugar and a bottle of whiskey. They had been drinking, but, not in sufficient quantities, to show signs of it, except in the heightened color of their rough unshaven faces. Indeed, although the free use of spirits was habitual with both, they were never seen drunk by their associates even in their most convivial moments;—their well seasoned carcasses being able to receive all the liquid fire poured down their throats, without allowing it to mount to the brains with potency enough to overwhelm them.

“What do you think of the plan, Tom?” asked Crossland balancing the pewter spoon upon the edge of his glass.

“Can’t say raley—mebbe it’ll work—but it ’pears mighty full of diffikilties,” replied Myers.

“It’s your faint heart that speaks,” said Crossland. “Of course there’ll be difficulties: but to me now they seem few and small—and we’ll get over them as easy as water runs off a greasy gourd.”

“Tell me over again plainly and slowly how you think it can be manidged,” remarked the other cautiously—“give me all the pertikilers.”

“That’s soon done,” rejoined the skipper. “We’ll get our load by day-after-to-morrow evening—early,—and start at once for Pensacola. By dark, or a little after, we’ll get to the mouth of the big creek about ten miles from here. The creek you know is almost, if not quite as large as this stream. I have sounded

all about the mouth, and know that the schooner can enter it easily;—the banks are a perfect jungle on each side for more than a mile; and when the schooner once gets in between 'em, it's as fairly hid as—this grog is," said he draining his glass. "You, me and black Ned, who'll do what I say any time, and never peach, will drop back here in the boat under cover of the darkness; and the girl, who, I hear, walks to the spring every day,—sometimes twice,—in the morning before breakfast, and in the evening about sundown, can be easily picked up, brought to the schooner, without a soul on board, except us three, knowing anything about it—kept concealed in this cabin during the few hours' run to Beggar's Point, where your brother Ben lives—and there put ashore. He and his wife will keep a look-out upon her movements until Munson can be brought to terms. Rich as he is—worth a cool half million—and loving the girl as the apple of his eye—he'll give twenty thousand dollars down to get her safe back, and ask no questions. Just think of it, Tom," and he seemed to roll a delicious morsel over in his mouth, "twenty thousand dollars in a week—for the whole thing can be fixed up in a week—and then ho! for California, where we can flourish, and live as high as sharks around a wreck."

"Hold up," exclaimed Myers, "yer runnin' like a ship before a gale with all canvas spread,—just a bit too fast. Won't we be suspicioned of doin' the job? It 'pears to me they'd settle down on us right away—

and if so, in the place of Munson's gold, we'd be accomydated with a pair of iron bracerlits apiece, and instid of flourishin' in Californy we'd find ourselves in a dungin."

"What a tub of a craft that head-piece of yours is to-night, Tom!" said Crossland. "Munson has perfect confidence in us—I can see that in all his actions—and old Brentworth intimated as much to me the other day. And besides, don't ye see that they'd think the schooner half way to Pensacola, when they'd missed the girl? No," continued he confidently, "they'd never suspect us."

"But what would Barton and the niggers here in the schooner think of our runnin' it into the creek, and leaving it there, while we go off with the boat? Too many cooks spile the broth, you know,—'twouldn't do for them to know about it,—we couldn't keep the thing from leakin' out 'fore we'd pockited the swag."

"You are right," answered the skipper, "when you say it would be best to hide the thing from Barton and the niggers, though I think it could be carried safely through, even were any of 'em to find it out. I've prepared Barton for stopping the schooner at the place. He's very fond of fishing, and I told him not long since that the mouth of the creek was the finest fishing place upon the coast, and that some day when we were not pressed for time we'd lay by there, and have a day or two's sport. When the schooner is all snug in the creek, we could tell him we were going

to see an old friend, who lived close by,—that we wouldn't be gone long, and that he must keep a sharp look-out, and take care of everything while we were away. A dull leather-headed fellow, like Barton, wouldn't suspect anything, and would remain here stupidly satisfied were we absent a week."

"But s'pose," observed Myers, evidently, however, falling into the views of the other,—“s'pose there's allers somebody with the gal when she comes down to the spring—what then? 'Twouldn't do to stay hid here long waitin' for a chance for her to be by herself—'twould be too risky."

"I tell you," replied Crossland, "she almost always walks to the spring in the morning alone—her sister then being employed about the house. I got that from the servants. And we'd have to take her in the morning, if we failed to get a chance at her in the evening. Seizing her in the morning would force us to lie all day on the other side of the island there. It's a marsh and a jungle and affords a secure hiding-hole for the boat. We'd get back to the schooner at night, smuggle her into this cabin, where I could keep her quiet very easy, until some time during the next night, you and me and Ned could land her, from the boat, at Ben's, and the heavy work would be done."

"I know," said Myers, "she'd be safe at Ben's. There aint a house in several miles of him. He don't like company, and allers used to say that he was gwine to git him a home, where nobody'd come, and he's done it. But," remarked he, after a pause, in

which he was occupied in mixing and drinking a toddy, "it 'pears to me the big trouble's to come after the gal's got to Ben's shanty. Who's to see Munson, and wind up the business?—and how'll he keep from being cribbed?—I'd like for yer to tell me that."

"Ben is the man to manage that part of the affair. He's quick and sharp, and what's more, Munson has never seen him; so, if he goes, no clew will be furnished, as to the whereabouts of the girl or the parties who carried her away. There would not be a particle of danger in going to old Munson with the proposition, if the matter is shrewdly managed. So anxious would he be about her, that he would run no risk of her speedy recovery by any attempt forcibly to arrest Ben. And if he should give a check for the money, and say, that there should be no trouble about it—the dollars would come sure. He's a man that stands right square up to his word when it's once passed. I wouldn't be afraid to trust to his honor, and even yield up the girl before presenting the paper at the bank to be cashed. But let us first get her in possession, and I have no fears of our being able to make such arrangements for concluding the business, as will set at rest all your doubts and suspicions."

That an accomplished scoundrel, like Crossland, should have such implicit faith in the honor and truthfulness of the old sailor, ought not to be at all surprising. It more frequently happens, than is generally believed, that men acknowledge, while they fail to appreciate, those virtues in others, of which they are themselves utterly destitute.

"Crossland," continued Myers, "a thing, like this, should be looked at all round. S'pose now we make a mess of it, and get ourselves nabbed by the land sharks?"

"There's no danger of it, I tell you."

"But s'pose we should?" persisted the other.

"Well," said Crossland, significantly, "with the State ruled by our folks, and with our folks on the judge's bench, in the jury-box, and on the witness-stand too, for that matter, we'd be certain to come out all right."

Nothing further was said by the two ruffians. It was unnecessary. That they were fully agreed was plain. After a ringing touch of the glasses in taking a parting drink they separated for the night. The villainy, which they meditated, when considered in connection with all its accessories, was the very refinement of diabolism. The systematic deliberation with which it was planned; the treachery and ingratitude directing and upholding it; the artful and thorough preparation made for its success; the proposed use of the old man's own vessel in the accomplishment of it; the coolness with which it was discussed, and the nicety with which every point was weighed,—stamped it with an atrocity almost unparalleled. But it has been shown how the design, in its attempted execution, was happily foiled by the gallantry and resolution of Guy Brentworth.

CHAPTER VII.

Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth.

SHAKESPEARE.

It was the morning that Guy had fixed for his departure from Fairslope. He had, however, determined to put it off for one more day. Grace and he at last fully understood each other; and she had referred him to her father. He felt it his duty to explain the situation to the old sailor before leaving,—hence the postponement. He found Charles Munson in the room, which he called his cabin, busily engaged in the examination of a large package of papers. They were immediately laid aside, with a smile of pleasure, and the cordial remark:

“I am glad to see that violent excitement and exertion have done you no harm. Grace has surprised me,—I mean, in the way she has borne up. I was afraid the shock to her nervous system would have prostrated her. A little wearied in appearance yesterday, this morning she seems fresh and buoyant:—Thank God for his goodness and mercy!”

Guy indeed was looking remarkably well. The object of his visit had given a much stronger flush to his cheek and brightness to his eye than was usual to either. As soon as he took the chair offered him, which was immediately in front of his host, he boldly and at once entered upon the subject, with which his mind was filled; and in a firm and deliberate tone, and in clear, concise language, went through with it,—without hesitation, and apparently without embarrassment, yet with evident marks of deep and sincere feeling. When Guy concluded, Charles Munson—the upper part of whose face had, for some time, been shaded by his hand,—his elbow resting upon the table at his side,—looked up, and spoke mildly. But his words, in spite of the gentleness of his tone, cut through Guy like a knife.

“Plain dealing,” said he, “is, under all circumstances, best. I am a plain man, and accustomed to act, and speak plainly. I shall certainly do so in this instance. You have astonished me, Guy, greatly by this communication. I never expected it. From what I had heard of you, and from what I have seen of you, since you came here, I had no thought of your marrying, or wishing to marry soon—if at all. Why, my son, it was only three or four days ago that I heard you say to my daughters, that everything about woman was beautiful and tasteful and little,—and that, by the power she had of drawing the minds of man into the same narrow circle in which her own revolved, the history of many a noble life had been

lost to the world. This was spoken laughingly, of course ; but earnestness of feeling and opinion are frequently covered by a laugh ; and I doubted not it was so in this case."

Had delicacy permitted, Guy could, with truth, have replied that this was the mere idle talk of an idle boy ; and that, although but a few days had elapsed, since their utterance, they were to him days full of mighty events,—producing in him a change equally as mighty,—in a word, like many others, he had, by one sudden leap, passed forever from the stage of boyhood, to that of manhood. He felt all this, but remained silent. Charles Munson continued :

"You know how great is my attachment to your uncle : and I will say there is no man living that I would be so happy to have as an uncle for my girl as Hubert Brentworth. My debt of gratitude to you also is so great that, ——"

"Don't speak of it, I implore you," broke in Guy impetuously,—“don't speak of that—I deserve no gratitude—no thanks. What I did for her, I should have done for any other girl under similar circumstances ;—and as much as I love her, I should be strongly tempted to go away from her forever, were you to offer me her hand, influenced in any degree to do so, by that little accidental act of service to her."

"I am bound to speak of gratitude—I am bound to feel it," answered the old man. "To you, your mere exertions in the matter may seem small. To me,

they do not appear so,—and, when considered in connection with their results,—they are valuable beyond all reach of calculation. You have said, though, you would not have me give you my daughter through gratitude. The sentiment is just. You ought not to wish it; and I ought not to do it. And yet,—I must say it, however painful the words,—that were I to give her to you this morning, the only reasons I could offer, to satisfy my judgment, for the action, would be gratitude to you and affection for your uncle. You have in you many of the elements of a man. The events of that terrible evening have convinced me that you have some, which I had not hitherto attributed to you—boldness and unselfishness. But these, joined with high moral principle, which I feel sure is part of your nature, are not enough in the man, who may hope to win Grace from me. He must have energy and fixedness of purpose: and these,—you must forgive the harshness of expression,—I fear, indeed I believe, you do not possess. A man may be excellent in morals, and brilliant in talents, but without oneness of purpose to direct, and energy to execute, he can never rise to the dignity of full and complete manhood. But,” continued Charles Munson, with something like a tear in his eye,—there certainly were tears in his voice,—“I have wounded you with my plain speaking; you must bear in mind, however, that I have wounded myself too. This talk has really been one of the greatest afflictions of my life. While there is no reason for me to say more on this subject,

justice to Grace, to you and to myself, required I should say no less."

Charles Munson stopped. A few moments of unbroken silence ensued. Guy arose, with conflicting emotions in his heart, that of wounded self-love evidently predominating, as they manifested themselves in his pale face, working features and glittering eyes. He would not trust himself to speak, but muttering a hasty good morning, he hurried from the house, and down the eminence on the side leading to the open country. The controlling idea with him was to separate himself from everybody, and, at the same time, get away from any of his usual haunts, which, he felt, would add to the pain of his heart and the distraction of his mind. He came to a small clump of trees in a little glen, lying between two inconsiderable hills, out of sight of Fairslope and out of sight of the Gulf. He threw himself upon the grass. The struggle within him was long and violent,—passion for some minutes, had the mastery,—but finally better feelings prevailed. His good sense told him, as soon as he became cool enough to enquire of it, that Charles Munson's course was founded in love for his daughter and anxiety for her welfare; and that whether all he had said with regard to himself, was true, or not, he had reason to believe it so. "Have I not," asked he musingly, "been led heretofore by the seductions of fancy, rather than the dictates of sober reason? Have I not acted in such way as to appear frivolous, unstable, vain and effeminate?" The direction here taken

by Guy's mind was bound to bring about a healthy reaction, if backed by will, and,—it had as well be said now, for it is true,—he had about him all the stuff of which heroes and martyrs were made. The expression upon his face, as he turned his steps toward his uncle's cottage, was sad, but it was ennobled by high resolve. "Grace can never be mine," he said mournfully, as he walked slowly along;—"her father's impressions—prejudices—against me are too strong to be easily removed—it will require the work of years, and then—too late—too late!" he exclaimed brokenly; "but," continued he firmly, "I will show him I am not the worthless thing he esteems me." Then rising above the narrowness of sentiment which marked his last words, he said: "I will let the world know that I am at least worthy to live in it,—‘I will,’ concluded he, unconsciously quoting the fine words of Longfellow, ‘be no longer a dreamer among shadows, but a man among men.’"

Upon reaching the cottage, Hubert Brentworth saw that something unusual had happened, and asked his nephew what was the matter.

Guy told him all—all that shame did not force him to keep back. His uncle, equable in temperament and placid in manner, though much surprised and shocked, gave no signs of either feeling,—not wishing to add to the young man's excitement and trouble. He therefore began to talk to him calmly, and not unhopefully,—the more so, as Guy had not fully com-

municated to him the reasons upon which the old sailor had based his refusal.

“I have never mentioned Grace’s name to you, before this moment,” said Hubert Brentworth—“I have never spoken of you to her. I did not believe it right to do either. Now, however, I can speak freely. While Grace was spending the last winter in Mobile—her first after leaving school,—hearing of the gaiety of the city, and the number of her admirers,—I feared she would hardly return to Fairslope heart-whole. But she did so, and,—what I was also much gratified at,—she came back, caring nothing for that which is ordinarily so alluring to the young and beautiful, the show and sparkle of fashionable life. I have often told you I wanted you to marry. I now tell you that it has been one of the prime hopes of my latter years to see you the husband of the woman upon whom your choice has fallen. It is a misfortune that the circumstances, attending her rescue, forced from each of you, at this time, a betrayal of your feelings, as that necessarily required that the matter should at once be laid before her father. It would have been better for you, before addressing Grace on the subject, to have waited until you had taken that stand in the world, which would have justified her father in giving his consent to your union. The mischief, however, has been done, Guy; and all that remains for you, under the circumstances, is, to return home—go to work—show, by your energy, capacity and uprightness, that you are not unworthy of Grace. She is the

finest girl I ever knew—is worth waiting for—laboring for and struggling for. I will have a talk with Charles Munson during the day, and ——.”

“Don’t mention this matter to him,” said Guy vehemently. “I would not have you do it for the world.”

“Of course I will not suggest it. He will be sure to seize the first opportunity of talking it over with me.”

It will never be known exactly what passed between the old sailor and Hubert Brentworth, when they next met. The nature of the conversation can, however, be inferred, from the last words, which were heard, when the door of the “cabin” opened, and they together walked out into the hall. Both of them seemed greatly disturbed. “For the reasons mentioned, Hubert, I cannot consent,” said Charles Munson,—“I will never consent,—no,” continued he impatiently, “*I’ll see her in Jericho first!* But my old friend,” immediately added he, putting his hand upon Hubert Brentworth’s shoulder, “don’t think that the impatience I have manifested, was directed at you—it was rather directed at myself, because I could not do what you desire, and what, were it not impossible, I should desire myself.”

CHAPTER VIII.

I've seen the last look of her heavenly eyes,—
I've heard the last sound of her blessed voice,—
I've seen her fair form from my sight depart.

BASIL.

I must from this land begone
Because I cannot love but one.

BYRON.

Guy was ready to set out for Montgomery early the next morning. It was his purpose to go by way of Pensacola. His uncle was greatly troubled when he came to bid him adieu. He would have parted from him, under any circumstances, with pain,—but on the present occasion, appreciating, in fact, over-estimating the dangers of his situation, from an experience of his youthful wilfulness, impulsiveness, and distaste of labor, he took his hand, when it was offered, with many anxious forebodings. This would not have been the case,—at any rate, he would have been less solicitous,—had he understood, at the moment, the great burden of the young man's thoughts, feelings and aspirations.

"Guy," said he, with that patient and gentle firm-

ness of manner characteristic of him, "you must not give way to despondency,—you must not forget what is due to yourself, to your father's memory, and to your father's house. You must meet this misfortune stoutly;—and I cannot urge upon you too strongly the necessity of your entering, at once, honestly and bravely, upon your life-work. Do this, my boy, and, although nothing ought to be held out to one, as a reward for such exertion, except the smiles of an approving conscience, in duties well and faithfully discharged, disappointment will soon lose its power to afflict you, success will crown you, and, I hope, Grace will yet be your wife."

Guy had written a few lines to Grace, which he had left upon the table in his uncle's chamber. In the note he simply told her that he did not have the courage to meet her again—it would but add to the grief of their separation,—she must forget him—that was her best and wisest course. "I would," he concluded, "forget you if I could." The last words were almost ground through the paper by the nervous hand that dashed them off. Telling his uncle to see that the note was delivered, he drove rapidly away, and was soon out of sight. In less than an hour Grace had his few hurried words of farewell in her hands. Their abruptness, bordering on fierceness, greatly moved her. She knew it arose from the strength and intensity of his affection, rebelling at the fate which had separated them. As has before been intimated, she understood Guy better than any one,—therefore she loved him;

and this knowledge enabled her to bear what appeared to be their final separation,—for her father had told her, that, with his consent, they could never marry,—silently, uncomplainingly, untearfully.

Guy heard in Pensacola that the schooner from Fairslope had arrived a few days before,—that Crossland had, in some way, been badly hurt during its passage.—and that both he and Myers had suddenly decamped with several hundred dollars entrusted to them for delivery to Charles Munson. He immediately wrote the facts to his uncle, as they corroborated the suspicions, which he had entertained and expressed, with regard to the principal in the violence offered to Grace.

When he reached Montgomery, he learned that two of his friends in that city had made up a party to visit Nevada. They expected to engage in mining. He regarded the movement with but little attention or interest, except in the prospective loss by it of two old companions, whom he greatly esteemed. For several days he wandered about from place to place, goaded by a spirit of unrest, which defied all his efforts at control. The transition in his life had been so sudden and thorough,—and so full of difficulties and darkness were his surroundings,—that he was bewildered, like one lost in the trackless mazes of a vast forest. He felt that labor, as was urged so persistently upon him by his uncle—vigorous, unremitting labor,—was not only what duty, but what contentment pointed out as the price of her favors. Many a strong man had been

prostrated by such a blow, as he had lately received; it was, however, only the weak and feeble, he knew, who failed to recover,—and among these he was determined not to be classed. The resolution he had formed in the self-struggle, that succeeded his last talk with the old sailor, was as strong as ever, and he was sure, it would be as lasting as life. He had made up his mind to continue at his profession of the law, and in it, if possible, win wealth and honors; but to him then, destitute of a single brief, it presented no field for active exertion; and active exertion was what he required at once. Sensible of this, and believing that a change of scene, and the excitement incident to it, were necessary to enable him to enter upon the path marked out in that resolution, with the force and ardor requisite to success, he took advantage of the opportunity, in this behalf, afforded him by the expedition to Nevada, and became one of the party. The night before the morning agreed on by the company for its departure, while sitting in his room, looking over and destroying unimportant papers, he, by chance, placed his hand upon the tin case containing his college diploma, and law license. “I will hardly need these,” thought he, “in the mountains of Nevada, but I like always to have them about me;” and he dropped the case in his small leather traveling sachel. He then wrote to his uncle of his intended journey, and its object, closing with the statement that he would not be long absent. The next sun, in setting, shone upon him and his young companions, far to the westward.

CHAPTER IX.

Being skillless in these parts, which to a stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and inhospitable.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

He drew himself up, bent his brows, assumed a look of professional ferocity, and continued: "Look ye, a man must be neighborly and companionable. Zounds, sir, we would slit any nose that was turned up at us honest fellows. * * *

Are you seeking a quarrel, sir?—said Nigel, calmly, having, in truth, no desire to engage himself in a discreditable brawl with such a character.

Quarrel, sir?—I am not seeking a quarrel, but I care not how soon I find one.

FORTUNES OF NIGEL.

Nearly two years had gone by since the commencement of Guy's western wanderings. During that time his career had been marked by many strange and trying vicissitudes. He had entered regularly into the business of mining, and had really worked like a dray-horse. He had, however, met with but indifferent success, outside of the strength imparted to mind and body, by labor well performed, perils and disasters bravely met, and hardships cheerfully borne. It was a delicious evening in the early part of the fall, that he was seen upon one of the principal roads, leading from the interior of the country to Virginia City, from which he was distant but little more than

a mile. He had left the stage-coach, as it slowly and laboriously mounted one of the series of long, rocky acclivities, over which the road winds in its ascent to that elevated place, and having attained the few hundred yards of level plain upon its immediate summit, was walking forward with a firm and rapid step. The atmosphere was cool and bracing, and, by its great height above sea-level, was so rare and pure, that it had upon him an effect somewhat similar to that which would have been produced by inhaling a quantity of protoxide of nitrogen. He was humming one of the old songs of his boyhood, which he would now and then interrupt, by stopping to look, with a kindling eye, upon the broad scene of closely commingled vale, hill and mountain,—glen, peak and crag,—spread out far below and around him,—where the earth seemed to have been fashioned by nature in one of her most capricious moods,—where, indeed, was displayed every conceivable form of beauty, from outlines, the softest and gentlest, to those of the wildest and most rugged grandeur,—the whole, at one view, presenting a picture, which, Guy thought not to see was a misfortune, and once to see was a joy forever.

Guy had changed considerably since the reader had last seen him in Montgomery. His face was bronzed, and its lines were harder and firmer,—his body showed sharper angles, and a greater breadth of shoulder and depth of chest,—and the sinews looked like whip-cord upon the back of his broad hands, as they ran down and lost themselves in his long, supple fingers. On

the whole, if not so smoothly handsome, he was decidedly a nobler looking man. In appearance, too, he had aged rapidly. He did not look a day under thirty.

The road, in entering the city, opened upon rather a broad thoroughfare, which, turning slightly to the left, formed an acute angle with the one, that leading straight forward, seemed to Guy most likely to conduct him into the heart of the place, where he supposed the principal hotel would be found. Continuing in this street, for a few minutes, he came to a commodious brick store-house, in front of which in the shade of a large tree were one or two empty chairs and a wooden bench. Feeling somewhat wearied by his walk, he sat down in one of the chairs, and began to look carelessly over a newspaper, which he found lying upon the bench. He had been there but a short time, when a hoarse voice from a crowd of men seated around the door of a small and gaily painted structure adjoining the store-house, attracted his attention, as some one vociferated, "I'll kick you into the d—l's pit, you dog!" and he looked up in time, to see a man and a chair rolling over together in the gutter. The party, who had been thus unceremoniously treated, gathered himself up at once, and slunk away, greeted with a loud, mocking laugh, evidently from the one, who did the kicking. This man now arose from his chair, and showed to Guy, the person of a tall and brawny man, almost a giant in stature, the lower portion of whose face was concealed by a long, shaggy beard, and the upper, or the part of it, which could

be seen under the broad-brimmed felt hat pulled down over his brows, was covered with red blotches produced by hard and constant whiskey-drinking. He was clad in a suit of heavy boating cloth, which ended below in a pair of rough boots reaching to his knees. Striding excitedly up and down the sidewalk, between the door of the store-house and that of the saloon, before which he had been sitting, he exclaimed, as he paused close by his party, who were evidently his admirers: "I'm spiling for a fight!" His friends followed his warlike exclamation with something between a laugh and a cheer, and then followed him into the saloon for a drink.

Guy had observed, when he came up, three or four men, smoking and talking together, at the lower end of one of the counters in the back part of the store. About this time one of them came out, and seated himself in one of the chairs near him. Guy marked, from a hasty glance over the top of his paper, that the new comer was a thin, wiry man, apparently about forty years of age, slightly above the medium height, with a pale face, an intelligent eye, and a pleasing expression. He was neatly dressed in a business-suit of gray cloth.

"You appear to be a stranger and a traveler," said the thin man, in a thin, sharp voice, bringing out each word with a sort of quick, nervous jerk.

"Yes," replied Guy, "I have but this moment arrived here for the first time in my life."

"Been long in the West—eh?" asked the other.

"Not very long," answered Guy. "I came to this country last spring from Alabama."

"From Alabama!—why, I'm from Alabama, myself—lived here so long, though,—have no right to claim it as my state. Came out from Huntsville when a small boy, with my father—he was among the first that the gold-fever started from the Gulf-States in this direction. What might be your name?"

"Guy Brentworth."

"Well,—my name's Phil. Melton,—that's a Western introduction. I'm glad to meet you over here,—almost as much so, as if I'd known you on the other side of the Mississippi. Mayhap you'll be pleased to learn there's several old Alabamians in this city. You won't feel so lonely while you stay."

Guy was amused at the free and easy manners of the stranger, as well as pleased with his appearance. There was something about the man,—force is the best word to express it,—which was exhibited in the strong lines of his colorless face,—in the workings of his lithe, wiry frame,—and in the nervous and rapid utterance,—which interested Guy greatly. They were in the midst of a conversation with regard to Virginia City and its people, when the man, who was "spiling for a fight," came out of the saloon.

"Who is that fellow?" asked Guy. There was a hard and fierce light in Melton's eyes, as he replied: "Bill Brown—he's called the Wild Bull of the Pacific Coast."

"He says he is anxious for a fight," observed Guy. "I hope he won't take a notion to fight us."

"No," answered Melton—"you are a stranger, he'll hardly interrupt you, and me he wouldn't dare fight." Then suddenly springing up, he continued: "Wait for me a moment—want to speak to that man yonder," and he crossed the street, and locking his arm in that of a gentleman who was passing by, he turned the corner of the block of buildings opposite, and was soon out of sight. Guy, not liking the neighborhood, was in the act of rising to continue his walk, when Brown called upon all to take another drink with him. Looking at Guy, he said: "You, too, stranger—come and likker with us." Guy thanked him, but declined. "Come along, I say," shouted the fellow. Guy excused himself, by stating that he never touched spirits. The beast, maddened by whiskey, and by the evil passions aroused in the recent struggle, walked up to Guy, who was still seated, and crushing his hat down upon his eyes with one hand, and seizing his left arm with the other, exclaimed, with a terrible oath: "But you shall drink." As quick as thought,—but not as one of Guy's thoughts at the time,—unfortunately he did not think,—had he done so perhaps his action might have been different,—Guy's right arm was propelled from his body with the force of a catapult, which, catching the ruffian in the pit of the stomach, stretched him senseless on the ground. Guy was standing with his hands lightly resting upon the back of his chair, when he felt something heavy fall into the right hand pocket

of his sacque coat. Putting his hand into it, he felt a large five-shooter, and, looking around, in some astonishment, saw at his side,—Phil. Melton. He at once experienced that rising of the heart, which a man always feels, when alone and beset by difficulties and dangers in a strange country, he unexpectedly finds that he is not without the support and countenance of a friend. Dazed and in pain, Brown, after a few moments, slowly straightened up his huge form, and giving himself one or two vigorous shakes to make sure that no bones were broken, he dashed the hair from his eyes, and drawing an immense knife, rushed upon Guy. The latter, quickly stepping upon the bench, that he might have room for a full swing of the heavy chair, brought it down with crushing force upon the head of the desperado, just as he made a furious but ineffectual blow with his fearful weapon. Brown fell, as falls the ox before the axe of the shambles:—and many a day passed before he was able to engage in his usual pastime of provoking difficulties with peaceable and unoffending men.

Melton went with Guy to the hotel, where they found the coach, which had preceded them but a few minutes. With a delicacy, which Guy did not expect, and highly appreciated, the disagreeable brawl into which he had been unwillingly hurried, and which he felt was a degradation, was not alluded to at all, during the walk, by his new-found friend.

CHAPTER X.

And what is friendship but a name,—
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep.

GOLDSMITH.

During the course of a conversation between Guy and Melton the next morning, the latter said: "By the way I forgot to tell you that one of our Alabamians out here is in great distress. Court will sit in this place next week; and he's to be tried for murder. The circumstances against him are very strong—so is the feeling among the people. I'm afraid he'll hang. But I don't believe him guilty. If anybody believes with me though, I don't know it. He's an old man—poor and without friends,—but Paul Winnot ——"

"Paul Winnot!"—exclaimed Guy—"Paul Winnot did I understand you to say?"

"Yes, that's his name," rejoined his companion, looking up with some surprise.

"My father had an old friend in Alabama by that name. When I was a little boy, I often heard him

say that he was once saved from absolute beggary by the generous confidence and kindness of a Paul Winnot. I have heard the story, too, more than once from my uncle. The name is a very singular one, and he is old, you say," observed Guy musingly, "yet he certainly can't be my father's noble-hearted friend. Paul Winnot of Alabama, wealthy and popular, might have become Paul Winnot of Nevada, poor and friendless; but he could hardly have become a suspected murderer, with the evidence all tending to prove him a real one. However I should like to see him and satisfy myself."

"It's, by no means, certain he's not your man. I know he was once rich. After losing his fortune, he came out here, years ago, hoping to make another. But he didn't do it, though. Bad luck seemed to dog his footsteps. Everything went wrong with him. No work that he did prospered. But his last work was the worst of all. He worked himself into a jail, with a fair prospect of working himself out by the gallows. You want to see him!—all right—the sheriff is a friend of mine—I'll be your voucher. When do you wish to go?"

"Now; if you will accompany me."

"Of course, I will—gladly."

Under the pilotage of Melton, Guy had no difficulty in obtaining admission to Paul Winnot's dungeon. They found its occupant lying upon a heap of straw in one of the angles of the massive walls. But few words were necessary to inform the young man that

he had, in truth, discovered his father's benefactor, in the wretched being before him. Although the knowledge was not altogether unexpected, it nevertheless affected him deeply. With many expressions of sympathy, and offers of such assistance as he could render,—placing at the same time his purse at Winnot's disposal, which unfortunately was by no means full,—he requested him to relate all the facts in his distressing case. This was done by the old man plainly, simply, and without hesitation. Guy was concerned to find that all of them pointed directly to the narrator as the party guilty of the murder; and yet he did not, for an instant, doubt his asseveration of innocence.

"To place before you," concluded the unhappy man, "the whole peril of my situation, it is only necessary for me to add that these circumstances against me will all be fully and clearly proved, while I will not be able, as far as I know, to bring forward a single fact in my favor, except previous good character. In addition to this the family of the deceased is wealthy and powerful, and have secured the ablest lawyers in this section to assist the attorney for the state. I, however, am too poor to employ counsel, and will have to depend upon the one assigned me by the court. He may be without ability or legal information,—will certainly be young, without much experience,—and will perhaps take but little interest in my case. The people too hereabouts have generally prejudged and condemned me. The prospect before

me is gloomy—gloomy. I should not so greatly mind what seems to be in store for me, if it were not for the thought of the deep and damning stain, which such a judgment will leave upon my character, never perhaps to be wiped away in this world.”

Guy scarcely knew what reply to make to these words so full of the pathos of utter wretchedness and hopelessness. The circumstances appeared to demand imperatively a tender of his professional assistance to Winnot; but, in his modesty, he rated that assistance so slightly, and the responsibility likely to attend such action on his part was so grave and hazardous, that he very naturally hesitated. But after many misgivings and much anxious pondering, he mustered up the “do or die” determination, and said :

“I am something of a lawyer, myself—not as good one as I should be glad to be for your sake; and if you desire it, I will undertake to defend you. The objections you urge to the one, who would probably be selected to act for you by the court, apply to me, with the exception of a want of interest in you, and in your case. There, indeed, I am sure I would have greatly the advantage of any lawyer in this country. I can’t engage to do much for you,—but I will engage to do all in my power.”

“Yes—yes,” said Winnot rising, and catching him by the hand,—“I’ll take you; I want you. Indeed you are the very man for me. You came to me just when I was in need of such a friend, and when there seemed no likelihood of that need being supplied. I

will take it as a happy omen. Surely a good and merciful Providence has directed you to me in my sore trouble and affliction."

With the promise of seeing him, as often as possible, before the day of trial, Guy and Melton took their departure. The former entered at once upon the important work, he had so hastily and generously assumed. He had several days for preparation. A stranger in the city, he found in Melton, not only a willing, but an invaluable coadjutor. This singular man seemed to be greatly attached to Winnot; and being apparently on easy and familiar terms with all the leading men of the city, he introduced Guy to several of the lawyers, as a brother attorney from Alabama, in search of a home, and thus gained for him access to such books as he required in the preparation of his case. He also engaged to hunt up testimony for Winnot—to see and talk with the leading witnesses for the state—and to bring the result of his investigation to Guy in a few days. By the next evening the adventurous young attorney was in possession of one or two facts, which caused him to regard his case a little more hopefully.

CHAPTER XI.

His face was rough, but love refined it,
His manner rude, but love subdued it,
His spirit fierce, but love o'ercame it.

THE ROBBER.

When Guy called to see Paul Winnot the morning before the opening of the court, he found a lady with him. She was young, scarcely more than twenty, with a full, round face, dark eyes and hair. She was rather low in stature, but lithe and graceful, and dressed very becomingly in black. Winnot presented her to him, as Mrs. Brown, his daughter, and only child. Modest and pleasing in manner and sprightly in conversation, Guy left the prison, with the idea uppermost in his mind, that she was not merely intelligent and refined, but altogether a very charming young woman. That Paul Winnot, overwhelmed with his afflictions, should not have thought to speak of this daughter, at any of their hurried meetings, did not at all surprise him; but he was astonished not to have heard a word with regard to her from Melton. When he next met him he casually remarked that he had that day met Winnot's daughter at the prison.

Melton, who ordinarily appeared so careless and indifferent, and seemed really to regard the world as his oyster, was not only much embarrassed, but even displayed some symptoms of agitation. He, however, did not reply. Having no thought of allowing the subject to drop there, Guy said: "I should like to know something about this Mrs. Brown. You can give me, of course, all the information I desire."

Melton with some show of reluctance answered: "She is Paul Winnot's daughter—that you know. She is the widow of Fred. Brown,—the brother of the man you knocked down—that you didn't know. Married last June, she lost her husband the latter part of the following month. He was killed at Gold Hill, in a difficulty with a party of miners."

"She seems to be a fine woman; and I am surprised at her marrying such a fellow as I suppose this Brown to have been, from what I have seen of his brother."

"Yes, she is a fine woman," said Melton. "As long as the matter has been broached, I reckon I had better make a clean breast of it. I want to talk it over with somebody any way. You perhaps will take more interest in it, than any one else hereabouts. Well,—Jenny Winnot was the girl I had picked out for my wife. I had been a wild sort of buck until I fell in with Winnot a few years ago. By trading—sometimes in one thing—sometimes in another—principally in cattle and horses,—I generally had money enough for my purposes. Most of my time, when I

was not in this place, was passed in San Francisco. Often latterly a visitor at Paul Winnot's house, it was some time before I knew exactly what carried me there. Finally I made up my mind it was the black eyes and winning ways of Jenny. It was not long afterwards before I became dissatisfied with my roving habits. I began to long for a settled home; and to long a great deal more to have Jenny at the head of it. In fact, in my mind, she and home went together. During this time, too, Fred. Brown often dropped in at Winnot's. He was a different looking man from his brother. He was a different acting man also. I can't say he was any better though. Handsome, dressy, free of talk,—he was a man well calculated to tickle a woman's fancy. Jenny liked his company—I could see that. But I didn't fear him there. To tell the truth, I felt safe in that quarter. Rather too safe, as I found out to my cost. I hadn't told Jenny that I loved her,—thought it best to wait until I had a home for her. She knew it, I thought, perfectly well though. I couldn't have hid it, if I had tried; and I didn't try. She showed me, I was sure,—maybe I was mistaken,—that she understood me, and that it was all right. I have said that before having an explanation with Jenny, I wanted to have a home to offer her. I wanted it to be a good home,—one worthy of her acceptance. Some time last May, I heard that a man, who had a small, but well-arranged stock-farm in one of the lower counties, less than a hundred miles from here, desired to sell

out. He had come to the West from Kentucky, and was forced by domestic engagements to return. The business suited me; and the property, I was told, could be bought at low figures. I knew the place and liked it. A narrow valley—commencing with a mountain gorge—cliffs almost meeting overhead—widening as it gradually descends,—it opens to the south-west upon a level plateau as far as the eye can reach;—a large stream runs through the centre of the valley, fed by hundreds of springs from the mountains;—and in a clump of trees upon its bank, just before it enters the plain, stands the house, commodious and well-constructed. Having some money on hand, I set out at once, and found, upon arrival at the place, no difficulty in making the trade. Repairs, however, and other preliminary business kept me upon the farm several weeks. I was about prepared for my return to this city, when a small party of marauding Indians stole and carried off some of my horses. I pursued them with three or four men, and overtook them the second day out. They showed fight at first, but were soon scattered, and the property recovered. In the skirmish, however, I received quite a severe flesh wound. The fever, into which it threw me, was much aggravated by the journey back. It was two or three weeks before I was able to bear the fatigue of a lengthy trip. When I reached this city, I found Paul Winnot in jail; and Jenny the wife of Brown. It was awful," said he, grinding his teeth, "but I bore it. There is something about that mar-

riage that I don't understand. It took place a few days after the arrest of Winnot. I suppose the destitute and friendless condition, in which Jenny was left, had a great deal to do with it. But there was something else at the bottom. She was made to turn against me—turn away from me by some tale. And that story came from the Browns. I am sure of it. The action of Bill Brown towards me makes it plain. He shuns me; and when we happen together, he is afraid of me. He fears a difficulty. He knows I suspect him: and that if we run together, both of us will never leave the ground alive. And I know," continued Melton in the deep, concentrated tones of intense passion, while the fiery and deadly gleam, to which allusion has heretofore been made, again came into his eyes,—“and I know that the one, who may leave, will never be Bill Brown. I told you, before you had your difficulty with him, that he would not dare fight me; and now you know the reason.”

Guy, seeing how strongly Melton was stirred up by his recital, although thinking that he had jumped rather hastily to some of his conclusions, thought it best to make no reply. He simply asked if he had seen or spoken to Jenny since her marriage.

“No,” said Melton, “she lives at Gold Hill; and although she comes here now and then to visit her father, I have never met her.”

CHAPTER XII.

Oh no!—you're not the first man who has driven the centre when the bow was drawn at a venture—not the first man who has made his fortune by a single, lucky unexpected hit.

THE MERCHANT.

The day of trial arrived. The court-house was filled to overflowing. Both sides announced themselves ready. After much difficulty a jury was secured. Guy in this important work was materially assisted by Melton, who had placed himself just behind him. The first witnesses examined were four men, headed by one William Smith, whose testimony showed that they were cutting wheat for Rufus Wolfe, the deceased, on the 12th day of the preceding June—the day of the killing. They were at work upon the top of a hill in the field not far from a piece of woods, some four or five acres in extent, through about the centre of which ran the road between the houses of deceased and the prisoner. From the point occupied by them the road for some distance on each side of this piece of woods, as well as the two houses, could be plainly seen. On the day referred to, rather late in the afternoon, they saw deceased and prisoner

upon this road, at the same moment, approaching the woods from the direction of their respective homes—the latter had a gun on his shoulder. They heard a rifle-shot in the woods at or about the time they supposed deceased and prisoner might have met in the midst of it. They observed the latter soon afterwards issue from the woods, and walk rapidly back towards his house. Suspecting something wrong, as William Smith, one of the witnesses, had heard prisoner say a few days previously, that if deceased troubled him much more, he would take his life, they hastened into the woods, and found Rufus Wolfe dead in the road, lying in a pool of blood, which had flowed from a bullet-hole in his breast. When, in a few minutes afterwards,—for they went in pursuit immediately,—the prisoner was arrested by them at his house, it was discovered that his rifle had been recently discharged, and ascertained subsequently that the bullet taken by the physician from the body of the deceased fitted it exactly. The cross-examination elicited; first, that when the party reached prisoner's house he showed them a squirrel, alleging he had just killed it in the lower part of the piece of woods—the point farthest from the wheat-cutters; secondly, that foot-marks about the body of deceased showed there had been something of a struggle between him and the assassin; and thirdly, that the prisoner had always borne the reputation of a good and worthy citizen, as well as a peaceable man; and that his threat against deceased was made in the heat of passion.

Dr. Oldham stated that he saw the body after it was conveyed to the house. The ball had entered immediately below the breast-bone on the right side, missing the ribs,—and ranging upward, and slightly to the left,—had buried itself in the heart, where he found it.

Guy: "Doctor, did you find any bruises or scratches on the body?"

Doctor: "None except the hole made by the rifle-ball."

Guy: "Did you examine closely?"

Doctor: "Yes, very closely."

Guy: "You are satisfied that if there had been a scratch or bruise, you would have seen it?"

Doctor: "Perfectly."

Guy: "If you know the previous reputation of the prisoner in this neighborhood, you will please state it."

Doctor: "He has generally been regarded as an honest, reliable, and quiet man."

Guy: "You can stand aside, Doctor."

The State is through, sir, said the District attorney, addressing the court. The judge turned to Guy, and told him to proceed with his testimony. The latter stated that he would introduce no witnesses, but he desired to ask one or two questions of Rufus Wolfe, the brother of the deceased. Mr. Wolfe took the stand.

Guy: "What is your age, Mr. Wolfe?"

Wolfe: "I was twenty last March."

Guy: "How long did you live with your deceased brother, Rufus Wolfe?"

Wolfe: "For the three years immediately preceding his death. I am still at the house attending to business for his widow."

Guy: "State whether or not your brother was paid any money on the day of the killing—if so, how much—and what became of it."

Wolfe: "He was paid two hundred and fifty dollars that evening, by John Smith,—it was the last payment on a piece of land that Smith had bought of him. When his desk was examined several hundred dollars were found in one of the secret drawers, and it was supposed, that the two hundred and fifty dollars paid by Smith was part of it. The amount found, however, was somewhat smaller, than was expected."

Guy: "You don't know then whether or not he had the two hundred and fifty dollars upon his person, when he was killed?"

Wolfe: "No,—that is a matter I have never thought of—I supposed, of course, he put the money in his desk—he might, though, have had it with him."

Guy: "Were you present when the money was paid by Smith?"

Wolfe: "Yes,—but I went out of the room immediately after it was done, and did not return."

Guy: "State whether or not Smith was with your brother, when he left the house."

Wolfe: "I think so; although I am not sure:—if

he was, they must have separated near the door, for I saw my brother later walking down the road alone."

Guy: "Who is this John Smith?"

Wolfe: "I hardly know how to answer you. He has been a miner, but is now a small farmer about twenty miles from here, and is the brother of the witness, William Smith. He is looked upon as being a good and clever man."

Guy: "State, if you know, what was the reputation of prisoner in this vicinity before the killing."

Wolfe: "He stood well I believe with everybody except my brother, who, for some reason, did not like him."

Guy: "I am through with you, Mr. Wolfe." After a pause, he said: "If the court please I shall rest the defence in this case upon the testimony now before it—which is really the testimony of the state."

The leading counsel for the prosecution commenced the argument. The facts in the case,—especially those given in the evidence of the wheat-cutters,—the going into the woods of the prisoner and the deceased at the same time; the former with his gun; the shot; the dead man; the hurrying away of the prisoner; the recently discharged rifle; the ball fitting it; the previous threat, *et cætera*; were all laid before the jury so clearly and commented upon so ingeniously, that it seemed but one conclusion in the matter could possibly be reached, and that was,—to adopt the language of the counsel,—“Rufus Wolfe was killed with a ball, fired from a rifle-gun in the hands

of, and by, Paul Winnot." When he concluded, the case, to the bystanders, at least, appeared a desperate one for the prisoner. There was not a man of them, who did not have his former convictions as to his guilt strengthened. They could see no ground upon which his attorney could rear even the most shadowy structure of defence.

Guy opened his speech, slowly and deliberately, upon the nature and effects of circumstantial evidence. While acknowledging its general strength and reliability, he said, it should be watched and weighed with the greatest caution: and even then, he urged, such was the imperfection and fallibility of human judgment, the greatest wrong was not unlikely to be done and suffered under its guidance. He cited many instances, given in the law books, in which the chain of circumstances, attaching guilt to an individual afterwards ascertained to be perfectly innocent, seemed complete—not a link wanting. He then said:

"It is proclaimed that circumstances cannot lie. No; they cannot lie; but, as far as the effect is concerned, they had just as well do so, as be misunderstood, which unfortunately often happens, inadvertently through ignorance, and wilfully through prejudice. The evidence, gentlemen of the jury, in this case, is purely circumstantial. Let us see now whether it is strong enough to exclude every other reasonable hypothesis, except that based upon the idea of the prisoner's guilt. As his honor will tell you, unless that is done, you are bound to render a verdict

of acquittal. Granted, then, that, with his rifle on his shoulder, the prisoner was seen to enter the piece of woods, on the side next to his home, at the time the deceased was observed to enter it on the other ;—that, in a few minutes, a shot was heard about the spot where it was supposed they had met, and soon afterwards the prisoner was seen hurrying from the woods in the direction of his house ;—granted that Rufus Wolfe was found dead at the place indicated by the report of the gun, or some such weapon—his heart pierced by a ball exactly fitting the prisoner's rifle, which was found to have been recently discharged ;—granted, too, that the prisoner, in a sudden ebullition of passion, because of some supposed wrong inflicted upon him by deceased, had threatened to take his life ;—I would ask, with the squirrel just killed at the house, and the fact, as stated by the prisoner to the witnesses, that he had shot it at the point of the woods most distant from them,—too far for the report of his rifle to have been marked, unless they had been listening especially for it,—I would ask, I say, if a reasonable doubt, as to the perpetration of the deed by him, is not created? If the answer should be, that, the facts, tending to fasten the crime upon the prisoner, are too strong and well connected, to be weakened by these circumstances ; then I would ask, if such reasonable doubt is not created by them, when considered in connection with the evidence given by all, of the prisoner's uniformly good and peaceable previous character?

“And just here you will please pardon a few remarks by way of illustration. I once knew in Alabama a man of large wealth, who, by unfortunate speculation, and a financial crisis, lost the whole of his property, with the exception of his homestead and a few acres around it. This homestead was mortgaged; and it was mortgaged to a hard man; who,—hoping, through the stringency in the money market, and the pressure upon the mortgagor, to obtain the valuable property for the inconsiderable sum due upon it,—foreclosed. The unfortunate debtor, after struggling desperately to raise the necessary funds, without success, had given up in despair, and expected, in a few days, to see his sick and dying wife turned into the street, when one came forward, paid the debt, saved the property, gladdened the last hours upon earth of a helpless woman, while he enabled the husband by this, and other assistance, once more to rise in business; and he did these things voluntarily, without asking security for his advances, and perhaps even without expecting a return. Gentlemen of the jury, the generous, unselfish and noble man, whom I have described,—and I speak simply what I know to be true,—was the prisoner, whom you are now trying for his life upon the charge of murder, and the one whom he saved from bankruptcy was my father.

“But should you say that the facts hitherto urged in defence, joined with previous good character, on the part of the prisoner, insufficient to raise the reasonable doubt contended for,—then I will call your

attention to some facts, that will not indeed create this doubt;—no, they will create no doubt whatever about it,—but an absolute certainty that Paul Winnot did not perpetrate the foul deed. It is in evidence that there were signs of a struggle about the body of the deceased,—that the ball entered just below the breast-bone, and ranging upward, pierced his heart,—that there was no other mark or bruise upon his person. In my hand here,” said he, receiving a rifle from the sheriff, “is the gun, by which the shooting is alleged to have been done. You can see for yourselves, that it is one of those old-fashioned rifles full five feet in length. Look at it well;—and you will at once perceive that there is no possible position, in which a man could be placed, *except upon his back*, that a ball from this rifle, in the hands of one confronting him, could enter below the breast-bone, *and ranging upward, lodge in the heart*. If Winnot shot Wolfe with this rifle, the latter either laid down, before he received the death-wound, or was knocked down. He certainly was not knocked down,—for there was not a bruise or scratch anywhere upon his body, showing that he had received a blow;—and I will leave it for you, as sensible men, to say whether or not he complacently and politely placed himself at full length upon the ground, in order that Winnot might stand at his feet, and shoot him through the heart.

“Gentlemen of the jury: the ball that killed Rufus Wolfe was fired from a pistol, and it was fired while he was engaged in a struggle with the assassin. The

foot-marks around the body, and the direction of the ball after entering it, establish the correctness of this idea beyond all question;—and consequently I have no hesitation in asserting,—although I failed to get conclusive evidence upon this point,—that he was killed for the money he had upon his person, by some one, who knew it was there. And, in conclusion,” exclaimed Guy, with a not unpardonable piece of clap-trap, as he raised his voice until its clear and ringing tones filled every part of the large and densely crowded room, “if this court, contrary to my belief and expectation, should allow the State, backed by wealth and power, in the face of all justice and right, to crush this unfortunate and friendless old man, I shall regard it as a court organized, under such circumstances, simply to convict,—and this hall, which ought to be the refuge of the innocent, when poor and weak, not less than when rich and strong, as—at least for the former class—but little more than a vestibule to the penitentiary and a trap-door to the gibbet.”

The District attorney closed the argument for the state. After laying the facts before the jury, as was done in the opening speech of his associate, proving, as he urged, that the prisoner, and no one else, could have done the killing, he took up those, upon which Guy had founded his defence. In commenting on them, he had the manliness to say, that his mind had never been especially directed to them before,—that he desired the jury to weigh them well in considering their verdict,—and that while he did not want the

guilty to escape, he was as far as the counsel on the other side, or the jury, or any other man, from desiring the punishment of an innocent person. The charge of the judge was short, but apparently satisfactory all round, as no objection was made to it, and no additional charge asked. The jury was out but a few minutes: they returned with a verdict of "not guilty." And so happily and successfully ended Guy Brentworth's first assay at the bar.

CHAPTER XIII.

So I to her; and so she yields to me;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe,
And to conclude—we agreed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

SHAKESPEARE.

Guy opened a law office in Virginia City. He determined to make that place his home, and so wrote to his uncle. The bread he had cast upon the waters returned to him before many days had passed, and returned too, vastly and unexpectedly enlarged. Business in his profession flowed to him almost as easily and naturally as rivers do to the sea. To him it seemed almost like a work of magic; and yet there was nothing whatever remarkable about his success. It was only such as had frequently followed just such single-minded and single-hearted exertions on the part of other men,—and especially other men of his peculiar profession. A single volunteer-speech has made many a young lawyer famous, and been the means of loading him with business, and filling his purse with guineas.

Paul Winnot, who was not only once more a free

man, but a happy man,—for those, who, through ignorance and prejudice, had so relentlessly persecuted him, were now emulous in assisting and befriending him,—had written to his old friend, Hubert Brentworth, a full account of the trial, and its results. It may readily be imagined that Guy, in the letter, obtained all the praise to which he was entitled, and perhaps a few grains more than a strictly conscientious outside man would have esteemed just and honest weight.

Guy was sitting in his office one morning, a few days after the trial, when Melton came in. The latter had evidently paid scrupulous attention to his dress, and was looking unusually well.

“I haven’t been to see Winnot since his acquittal,” he observed upon his entrance,—“I am going out to-day.”

“Going to see Winnot!”—said Guy, looking him all over;—“I rather think you are going to see Winnot’s daughter.”

“Yes,”—answered Melton,—“I intend to have the explanation now that I ought to have had some time ago. I want to take her down to the ranche next week.”

“You speak pretty confidently,” remarked Guy,—“but you had better look out. There is no calculating upon the action of a woman, you know.”

“There is upon the action of such a woman as Jenny Winnot,” replied Melton;—“I can’t call her by that other name.”

"Well, it seems you were unable to do so with certainty even there, or, she never would have borne that other name, which you so much dislike."

"Certain figures that ought to have been considered in that calculation," answered Melton,—*"the arrest of Winnot, for instance, and the destitution and friendlessness of Jenny afterwards,—were unavoidably left out. Hence the failure. It will be all right now. Mind what I tell you—Jenny will go with me down the country next week, as Mrs. Philip Melton."*

"I hope so," responded Guy.

Melton left. Three hours later he might have been seen seated by the fire,—for the day was cold,—in Paul Winnot's kitchen. The old man was not at home; and Jenny being engaged upon some household duties, and the kitchen, where she was employed, being the most comfortable part of the house at the time, he had followed her to it. Melton observed how well arranged and neat everything was around him,—the floor, tables, chairs and shelves,—and that the few articles of tin-ware upon the board above the fireplace, shone like burnished silver. Jenny was standing at a table ironing a piece of lace; and her two black eyes now and then brightly glanced from it to him, as he spoke, or she replied. There is but little work that some ladies can do about a house, which shows them off to such advantage, as that in which Jenny was engaged. If they have grace of person and of action,—both are here displayed in their utmost perfection. At any rate, so thought Phil. Mel-

ton, as he looked at the trim figure of Jenny, who leaning easily over the table, made the iron glide swiftly and noiselessly, to and fro, over the delicate and beautiful feminine stuff spread out before her.

"Jenny!"—abruptly spoke he at length, as she bent over her work,—“did you know when you and I were last together in this room, that I loved you, and that I had loved you almost from the moment of our first meeting? No womanly hesitation or evasions now, Jenny!—speak right out!”

Her back was to him; and she was stooping over the table. She did not look up, as she replied: “no, Phil.,—I did not. How should I?—You never told me.”

“Well,—I thought you knew all about it. Of course then you didn’t know that, at that very time, I was preparing to go down the country, to fix up a home, which I hoped you might be induced to accept.”

“No, I knew nothing of that. You were gone a long time. I heard nothing from you for nearly two months. I even thought you had gone off to stay.”

“For two months!” said Melton;—“then you did hear something of me, during my absence. What was it?”

“Yes,—after the great trouble came upon us,—and father was taken to prison,—leaving me all alone here, and miserable,—I heard that in a fight with some Indians you had been killed.”

“I thought so;—and the Browns told you?”

"No," answered Jenny quickly—"not the Browns. William Brown did, but not Fred. I will explain it all to you. Fred. had talked to me of marriage before you went away. I, however, gave him no encouragement. A few days after father's arrest, he and William called at the house here. William told me he had just seen one of the men, who were with you, when you were wounded, and that you were certainly dead. I looked at Fred., who said you had been badly hurt,—that was all he had heard,—he had not seen the man, who had given the information to his brother. Oh! those miserable—miserable days!—and those still more miserable and fearful nights! You know there are no persons, except the Wolfes, living within two or three miles of this place. Not a soul came near me. I believed I should go mad. I knew I liked Fred.; but I never thought of love,—in my distraction I could not think of but one thing, and that was the necessity of getting away from this horrible place. And when Fred. asked me again to marry him, which he did at this visit, I consented." After a pause, during which she regained her composure, she said: "For the few weeks that I was his wife, he was most attentive and kind to me: and he would have assisted father with all the money he could have raised, had he lived. No, Fred. did not tell me you were dead. You must not do him that injustice."

"I knew you had heard something about me,—and I was sure you had heard it from the Browns. I have seen the man, who told Bill Brown I was wounded,

and he says he informed him, at the same time, that the wound was not at all dangerous, and that I would be up and about in a few days. So that when Bill spoke to you on the subject, he knew he was telling a falsehood, and I fear Fred. Brown knew it too. Well,—it can't be helped now. Let it pass, and be forgotten——. But that home, Jenny!—it's beautiful—mountains—woods—streams—prairies—fine cattle and horses—cosy house in a cluster of splendid old trees near the water's edge,—it will just suit you! A loving heart, of which you have long been the mistress, wishes to make you the mistress of this home,—will you come?" He arose, and stood looking at her eagerly, with his hand extended.

"I will come, Phil.," replied Jenny, almost in a whisper, turning her face from him, and looking out of the window.

"Next week?—I am going to have your father break up here, where he and you have had so much trouble, and go with me."

"Yes," answered Jenny, leaving the window, and placing her hand in his, which he still held out to her,—“next week if you wish.”

That autumn saw the wanderer, Phil. Melton, settled—and happily settled for life,—and the sorrows of the frank and true-hearted Jenny Winnot and her good old father at an end.

CHAPTER XIV.

To satisfy a father's vow, she feared not death,
Though, like a monster, grim and fierce,
In cavern black, he glared at her.

THE MAID OF DEVON.

Under the magnolia once more. It was a cloudless night of the same autumn, though later in the season, that had witnessed the entrance of Guy into Virginia City. The full-orbed moon, high in the eastern heavens, was flooding every object about Fairslope with pearly splendor. The leaves, which had not yet lost their bright green tints, were rustling in the steady night-breeze from the Gulf, with that indescribable sound that seems to herald the approach of winter. Far away—rising and falling—now full and distinct, then subsiding into something like the faintest echo,—could be heard the chorus of a negro melody—notes so deliciously musical when mellowed by distance,—as they were sung with unconscious iteration by some freedman, who was wending his way homeward from the field.

A storm had recently passed over Fairslope, by which some damage had been done to the houses and

grounds. A few trees had been uprooted, that had not yet been removed. They could be seen lying along the slope next to the Gulf. The tower had been stripped of part of its metallic roofing; and the masts and rigging of the old sailor's favorite weather-vane had been twisted and broken. Workmen had been brought from Pensacola to make the necessary repairs. The rope ladder used by them in scaling the tower, and the shorter one, reaching from its summit into the vane, could be plainly seen in the bright moonlight.

Charles Munson and Hubert Brentworth, as they sat on the bench under the tree, were looking toward the house across the way, and were talking of Grace. The young girl had taken the departure of Guy, under the iron-decree of her father, and his subsequent self-banishment to the wilds of the West, very quietly. She bore it indeed too uncomplainingly;—that which allayed apprehension in the beginning, ought to have awakened it. A shade less of color, of brightness, of elasticity, was discernible in cheek and eye and step—that was all! But as months wore on, her fair young face grew thin and pale—the change adding to the delicacy and transparency of its beauty,—while the expression became so elevated and refined, in its gentleness and purity, under the influence of suffering and resignation, that it appeared almost seraphic. Her strength, too, gradually failed, until she manifested a listlessness,—a weariness,—succeeding the slightest exertion, that aroused the most painful fears on the

part of her devoted old father. He took her and Mary on a business trip with him to Havana and Mobile,—followed by an extended tour through the larger cities of the South. The last summer had been passed by them in the mountains of Virginia. They had but lately returned to Fairslope;—and Grace was now really ill.

Hubert Brentworth had never spoken of Guy to the old sailor, since the latter's impatient and denunciatory exclamation to him, upon the subject of the proposed marriage, heretofore recorded. As they sat there, looking at the lights flashing from the windows of his mansion—in one room of which lay Grace—Charles Munson, under the overwhelming influence of his apprehensions with regard to her, was desirous of directing the conversation in such a channel as would compel Hubert Brentworth to allude to his nephew and his prospects. While thinking, in a pause of the conversation, how this could most easily and naturally be done, he was startled by hearing his companion exclaim :

“My God, what is that?” and looking in the direction indicated by the outstretched arm and quivering finger, he saw rising from the roof of his house, something so white and airy, that, to his astonished eyes, it seemed at first to be nothing more than a wreath of mist or vapor. The shadowy appearance having evidently emerged from the trap-door, stood for a moment motionless upon the balustraded platform on the crest of the roof,—it then glided along this, passed

swiftly over the steps of the dome, up the ladder swinging from the top of the tower, and immediately afterward was seen to raise itself into the ship. The whole was the work of only a few seconds; and before either of the astounded spectators thought of moving or speaking, the object upon which their eyes were fastened, commenced its rapid descent. The old sailor now hastened over to his house, and meeting Mary in the hall, asked for Grace.

"She is in her room asleep," answered Mary alarmed at his manner.

"Go and see," ejaculated he,—and seizing a lamp, he hurried up the stairway, followed closely by Hubert Brentworth. They had nearly reached the foot of the steps leading to the trap-door, when they perceived a mass of white drapery coming down. Brentworth, seeing it was Grace, pressed the father's arm, and whispering him to be quiet, drew him slightly to one side, that she might pass without interruption. She moved with a noiseless step,—her eyes being wide open, and apparently looking directly and intently ahead. When the old sailor, following her receding figure, entered her room, she was lying in bed sleeping as easily and placidly as an infant.

Hubert Brentworth remained in the hall. He seated himself at a table, and drawing a lamp to him, began to look over a letter, which he had taken from his pocket. He expressed no surprise to Charles Munson, upon his return from Grace's chamber, at her remarkable and dangerous feat of somnambulism,—but simply said:

“You will recollect, Charlie, that about eighteen months ago, in this hall, you told me that Guy should not have Grace—that you would see her in Jericho first. To-night,” continued he slowly, almost solemnly, “*you have seen her there!*—now read that,” and he placed in Charles Munson’s hands the open letter, which was the one that Winnot had written him about the trial in Virginia City. There was a moisture about the old sailor’s eye, when he received it, which was formed into a tear that rolled down his cheek as he read it. He folded it up and handed it back, as Hubert Brentworth rose from the chair.

“Hubert,” said he, “write to Guy, and tell him that Grace—that all of us want to see him. Good night!”

CHAPTER XV.

The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As are the concealed comforts of a man
Locked up in woman's love. I scent the air
Of blessings, when I come but near the house.
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth—
The violet bed's not sweeter.

MIDDLETON

Under the magnolia for the last time! Guy was there; and Grace, blooming like one, who had never known sorrow; and Mary, Charles Munson and Hubert Brentworth. It was spring again—the spring succeeding Grace's airy exploit—near the close of the season. They were all happy, and all well, except Hubert Brentworth. He had been feeble for several weeks—not exactly sick—but failing. He was half-sitting—half-reclining in a large, easy chair, propped up by pillows. Guy and Grace had been married about three months.

“Guy,” asked Hubert Brentworth, “what do you think of a wife now? You can't have forgotten what you said to me, when I first spoke to you of marriage under this very tree. How about the Jezebel—eh?” queried the old man, faintly smiling.

"Ah!" replied Guy, "I didn't know what I was talking about then. I have learned many things since that time. What do I think of a wife?" added he, looking up from his chair into the fine eyes of Grace, who was standing rather behind him, and leaning upon his shoulder.

"Do your best, Guy,—give us your impressions upon that important subject," said Mary archly, "in your happiest vein."

"What do I think of a wife?" and he was now looking dreamily far away over the waters of the Gulf. "Let me look at woman, then, in the relation of wife, disconnected from the others, which she may, and generally does, fill in this life. It is a common saying that there is nothing on earth so beautiful as the love of a mother for the tender nurseling resting like a sweet bud upon her bosom—it is so absorbing—self-dénying—self-forgetting. But, indeed, in its pure unselfishness,—and herein consists the beauty of all love,—that of the wife far transcends it. In the former case the woman receives what she conceives to be full compensation for all the affection, which she so lavishly bestows upon her child—in the winning ways and artless prattle of the infant-cherub—in watching the bud expand into the flower, under the gentle dews of her fostering care, and the genial sunshine of her smiling ministrations, and in the bright hopes of a happy future for her darling ever present to her mind. Herein, I repeat, she feels herself amply repaid for all her great love. But how often does the wife 'love

fondly on to the close, with no return of affection, or, at best, but a faint and imperfect return to her saddened and yearning heart. Her love, with her hand, is given to one most unworthy of such treasure; and it is maintained through long years of suffering and neglect, without change, or shadow of change,—or, if changed at all, it is only in growing deeper, intenser, and stronger, the more thickly misfortunes come to her desolate hearth. And even when, according to the world's thought, her love is worthily bestowed—alas!—frequently—frequently, her wifely devotion is met by indifference—an indifference, which, if it does not always spring from a heart destitute of feeling, springs from one so engrossed by worldly cares and desires, that to her it has all the appearance of utter callousness,—and yet she is ever found acting the part of the Patient Griselda, whose story is so touchingly told by the Clerke of Oxenforde. Washington Irving—in one of the most charming of his sketches—has described most beautifully and truthfully a woman's love for the one to whom she has trustingly confided her all at the altar—comparing her to the vine twining its graceful foliage about the thunder-riven oak, and binding up its shattered boughs with caressing tendrils; but, in the picture painted by that masterly artist, although there was calamity upon the head of the man, there was love in his heart—a love for his wife, that disaster could neither crush nor hide. If we would, however, fully appreciate a wife's love, let us view her, clinging, as she not unfrequently does,

to the man, like the vine clasping the tree rotten to the core, and tottering to its fall, while she endeavors to conceal from prying eyes, by the leaves and flowers of a fond and watchful assiduity, the unsoundness of her support; and, let us look at that love, resting, as, alas!—it is often seen to rest, in this world, upon a heart of ice,—and yet blooming in beauty, like the ‘flowers of loveliest blue’ that ‘skirt the eternal frosts’ of Alpine solitudes. Ah!—a wife’s love—a wife’s love! Its depths are unfathomable,—its beauty indescribable. Words can never do justice to it, though linked together like pearls by the brightest poetic fancy, and directed by the purest human insight into the great human heart.” Then turning to Grace, he said fondly :

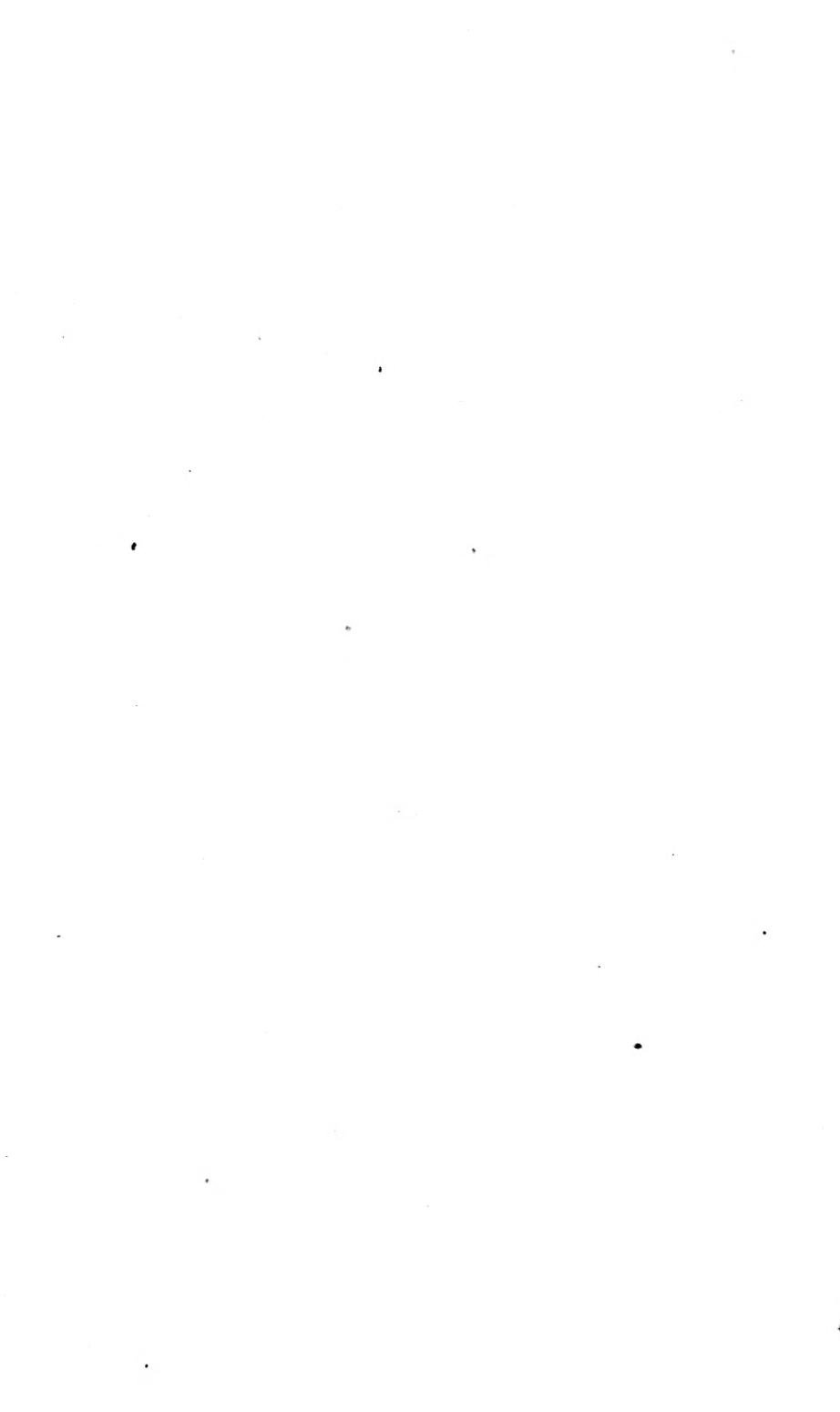
“Close—closer to me still, my wife,—
My hope, my joy, my strength, my life,—
Oh!—in this world of evil rife,
Without thee I should be,
Like a ship without a spar,—
Like a night without a star,—
And with leaves and branches bare,
Like a blasted tree.”

Turning now to Mary, he remarked laughingly, but at the same time somewhat sadly: “That is my final farewell to the profitless trade of verse-making. It is right that a rhymester, in all the lines composed by him, should speak truth, if not poetry. This I have always attempted. I am sure I have done so here.”

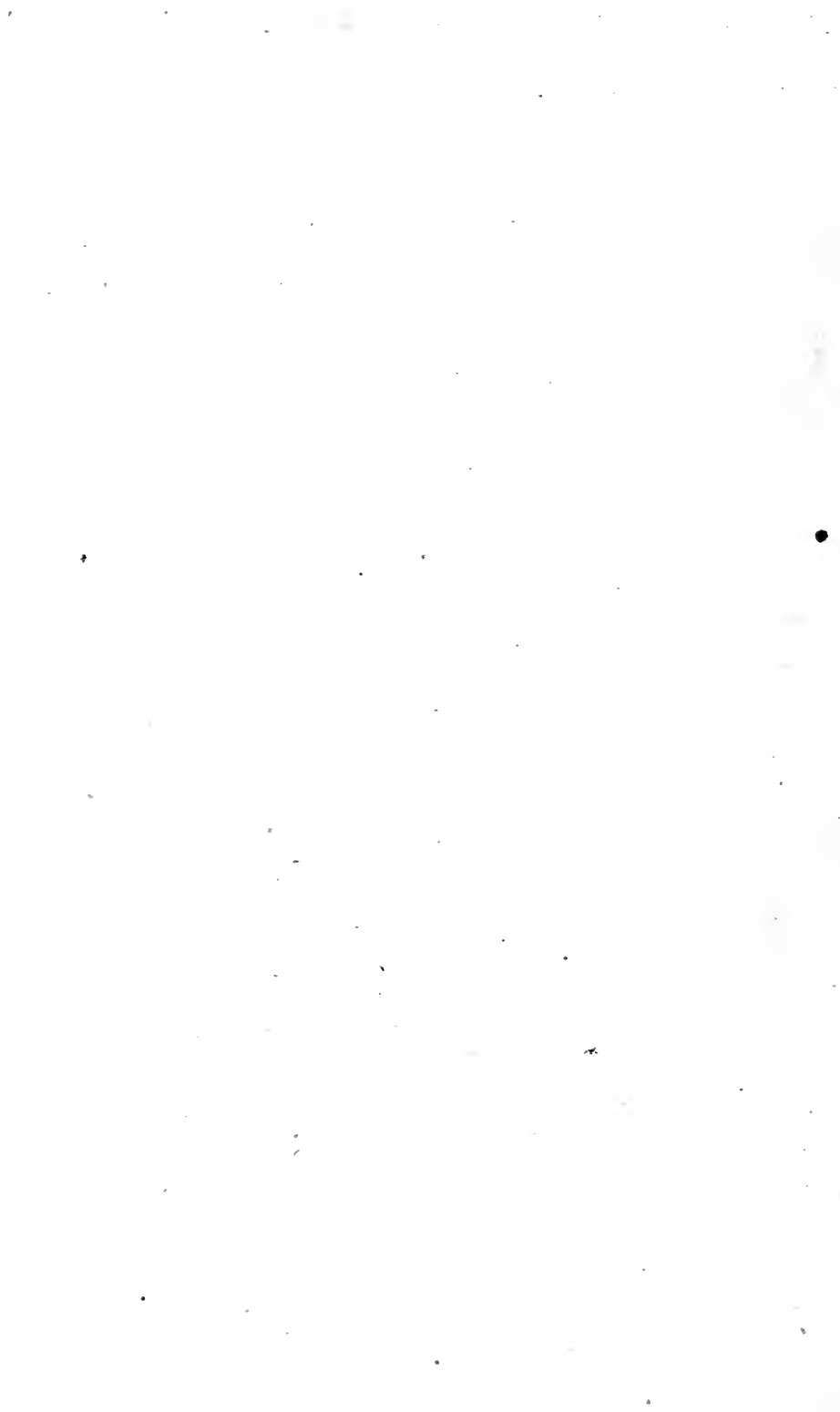
Guy said no more. A smile of satisfaction was upon

his uncle's face ; and his eyes were peacefully closed, as his head, with its thin covering of shining gray hair, leaning a little on one side, rested lightly on the pillow. He did not speak ;—and a magnolia-bloom fell from the tree-top, and fluttering in snowy whiteness at his feet, exhaled all around him its richest perfume. Guy arose and laid his hand upon the old man's forehead. The touch told him that he stood in the presence of death. The awe-stricken group gathered the sad tidings from his white face raised, and his trembling hand pointing, to heaven. Hubert Brentworth was indeed dead ; he must have breathed his last, about the time Guy ceased speaking, as he was noticed with his eyes tenderly fixed upon Grace only a moment before. He died happy,—happy in the consciousness of earthly labors well performed, and in the knowledge of Guy's present joy and prospective usefulness. In life he had discharged all of a christian's duty,—and in death he was blessed with all of a christian's hope. With his pure spirit let the reader bid adieu to Fairslope forever.

THE END.







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